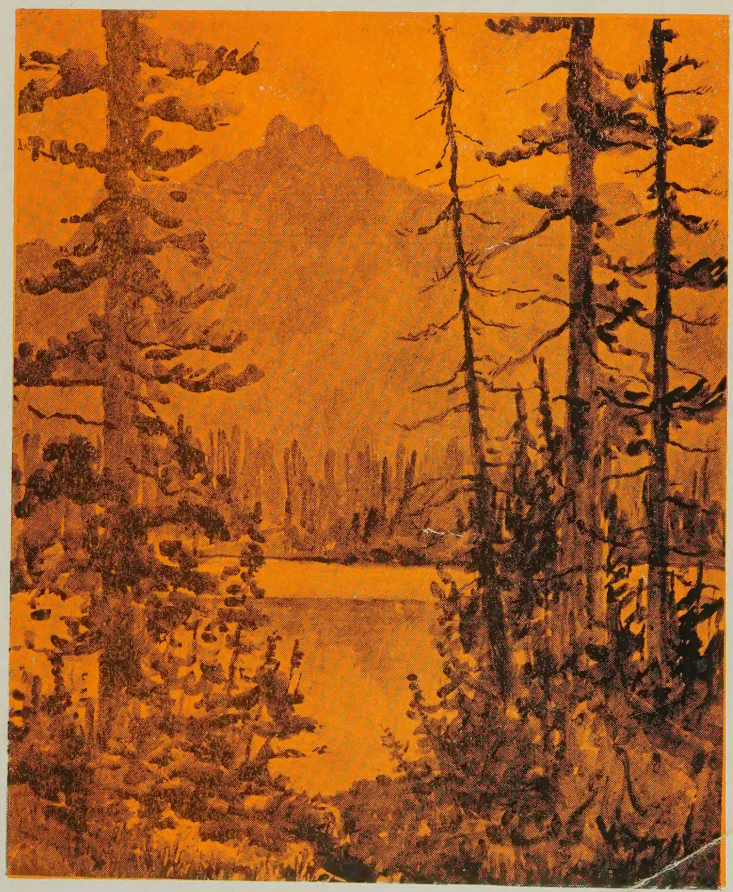
# The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1936 No. 9



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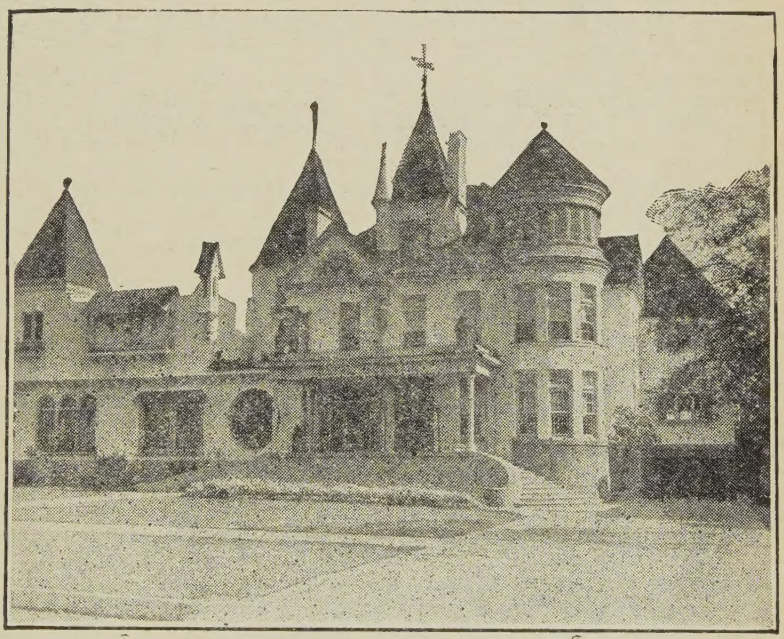

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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1936 No.

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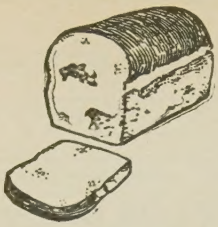

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# IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

*By Miriam C. Bitner*

Is life worth living? I asked a friend.
Weary of toil and strife.
He answered me thus: It will all depend
On what you demand of life.

If pleasure is all you would have. Oh then,
Life isn't worth living at all,
For you will find at life's great end
That pleasure is wormwood and gall.

If the gaining of riches great is your aim
'Tis a selfish game you play,
And you may find as others have found,
That riches will melt away.

If living the life of sin is your wish
You are treading a dangerous path,
For he who is master of all hath said:
That the wages of sin is death.

But if you are living the best you can
As you tread life's uphill road;
If you are helping your fellow man
And leading his steps to God;

If you go with a smile instead of a frown
As you work to this great end,
Of preparing yourself for eternity
Then life is worth living, my friend.

TOTEM POLES AT THE ENTRANCE TO LOVER'S LANE,
MERRILL MONUMENT AND INDIAN CHILDREN

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1936 No. 9

# Sitka, the Enchanted City

*By Harrison R. Merrill*

IT was on the longest day in the year and, I believe, the sunniest, that I first saw Sitka, the Enchanted City, the "Portal to Romance." On that day as we steamed down Whitestone Narrows, the sun glorifying the wooded islands and the cellophane waters of Sitka Sound, I could understand the feeling of the sailor who, watching a sunset on the Sound from a high point, exclaimed: "I never knew what was meant by the "Glory of God" until I saw the sun go down from the top of Sitka's Russian Hill."

We had been for several hours steaming through Peril Strait when gradually the waterway widened and islands appeared as if floating upon the cellophane sea, a Xochimilco of the North. Between these islands were glassy vistas stretching away to the blue sky or to the feet of mighty mountains around whose summits were circlets of clouds like furs of ermine or polar bear.

At last off to our right, Mount Edgecumbe arose from the sea, the Fujiama of Alaska, and we knew that the old Russian capital was close.

It was not long after sighting Mount Edgecumbe that we rounded a cape and beheld before us the gleaming buildings of old Sitka lined up along the Sound and running back a little way up the slopes of the encircling mountains.

As we drew up to the Fish Dock, I was eager to touch foot upon the land and feel the thrill of stepping upon the streets of what was once an American capital of a foreign country. Slim fishing boats rocked at peace in the harbor reminding one of old tales of whalers and hardy fishermen who had braved the dangers of the wild Pacific.

Sitka is rapidly becoming Americanized. As the floods of tourists flow over its board streets and along its enchanted pathways, it will gradually become just another northern city. Now, however, many of the memories of the Russian occupation remain as do the marks of the native Indians who inhabited the coast long before Alexander Baranof, the little iron manager of the Russian company, came to America back in 1799.

Sitka Sound has changed not at all in the past one hundred thirty-odd years, and certain landmarks have changed little since the Russians established a fort on the present site of Sitka about 1804, after their first settlement at Old Fort Sitka had been destroyed by the Indians. Baranof named the new town Archangel Gabriel and erected his castle upon the bluff upon which had

stood an Indian stronghold. From that castle made of logs overlooking the Sound he ruled the Russian colonies in America until he was recalled in 1818.

The name New Archangel Gabriel was gradually changed to Sitka, the name of an Indian tribe that lived in the vicinity. Under the rule of the Russians the city grew and prospered becoming a metropolis of the northwestern coast of America.

SITKA, in those days, was not a woman's town, although a few women horse-backed across Siberia and sailed over Bering Sea in order to accompany their husbands to this new land.

"We fear neither God, man, or the Devil," boasted the Russian trappers when Baranof landed. "'I,' answered the quiet level-eyed Baranof, 'combine that trinity in myself.' And single-handed he began to put the fear of all three, not only in his rivals, but also in his subordinates." Quoted from Barrett Willoughby in "Sitka Portal to Romance."

A lonely and half-savage country ruled by such a man would not be a lady's natural habitat and yet it is said that the Russians had some beautiful parties and lived an interesting social life.

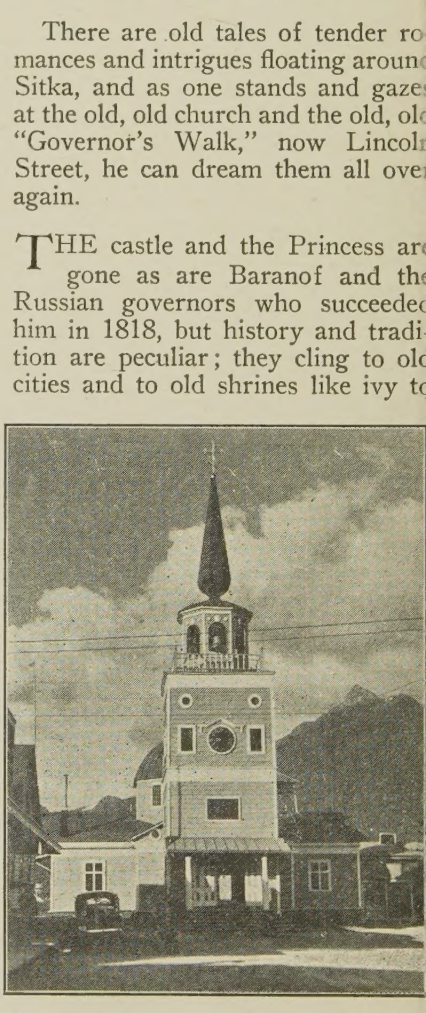
After Baranof's time more women came, among them the beautiful young princess Aglaida Ivanovna Maksoutova, wife of a Russian captain. She died in her twenty-eighth year in a room in Baranof castle and was buried in the old cemetery at Sitka. Her husband later became Governor of Alaska under Russian rule and was in charge when the transfer was made to the United States in 1867.

It is said that a costly stone was carried across Siberia and the sea to mark the grave of the beautiful princess but that after the United States withdrew her troops the Indians de faced the stone and carried it away Later, it is said, a Lieutenant in th United States' Marine Servic sought out the unmarked grave an set up the present stone upon whic are these words:

Here rests the body of
Princess Aglaida Ivanovna Maksoutov
Wife of a Captain of 2nd rank
Born in the year 1834
Died Dec. 18th, 1862

There are old tales of tender ro mances and intrigues floating aroun Sitka, and as one stands and gaze at the old, old church and the old, ol "Governor's Walk," now Lincol Street, he can dream them all ove again.

THE castle and the Princess ar gone as are Baranof and th Russian governors who succeede him in 1818, but history and tradi tion are peculiar; they cling to ol cities and to old shrines like ivy t



CHURCH OF ST. MICHAELS
BUILT IN 1817

a wall. As we strolled up the board walk to the main street of the town on that long day in June, the shadows of the past were thick around us making Sitka no mere city of the present, but a city of the romantic past—a City of Enchantment.

The little Russian church now, as ever, dominates the city. Standing in the middle of the main thoroughfare, it acts as a breaker for the tides of tourists who, whenever a ship lands, pour up the little street. Usually they scatter through the curio stores lining the street, into the Post Office, the picture studios, and down the side streets to the shore where the houses grace the small islands reached by long, lumber drives laid on pilings. But a goodly number always enter the church of St. Michael to see the treasures of the years which have been garnered there.

When the Russians first colonized America they had no church in this land, but they looked forward to the time when a father would come over the sea to care for the flock and to establish a place of worship. At last their prayers seemed about to be answered. They learned that a ship, the "Neva," was rounding the Horn on a world cruise to bring them a shepherd and various religious robes, pictures, and images dear to the Russian heart. It was in consternation, therefore, that on a stormy day in 1813 they saw a row-boat limping into the harbor manned by a few half-dead sailors who told them the sad story of the foundering of the little ship and the loss of the priest and most of those on board just when their goal was almost in sight.

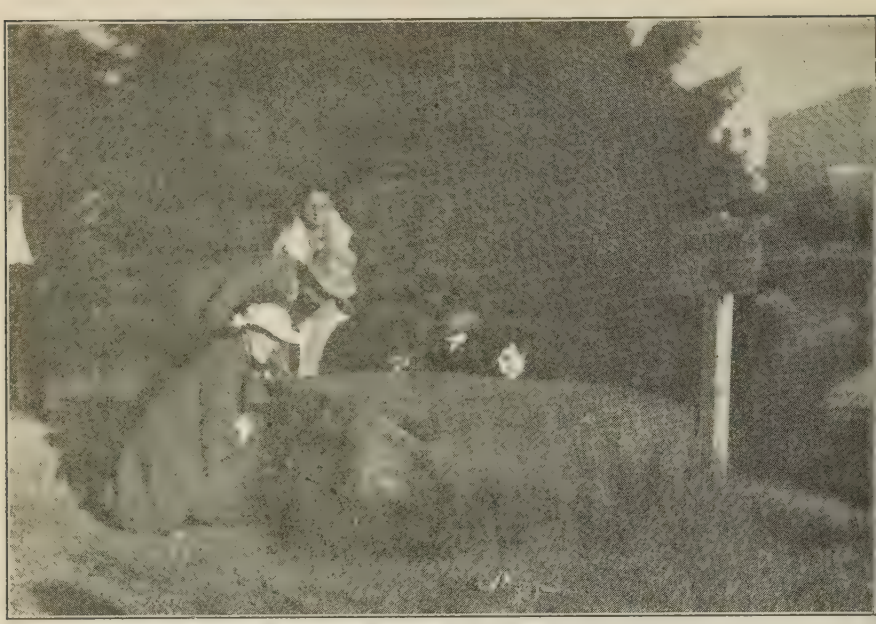
Baranof searched the coast, but few survivors were found; however, up from the sea, as if it had been miraculously preserved, came a precious silver image of St. Michael the Archangel. Baranof immediately set about building a church. In 1817 it was finished, the battered image of St. Michael finding haven in its sacred precincts. It is there today revered by priests, natives, and tourists alike and along with it are almost countless other precious and sacred works of art. It is reported that J. P. Morgan once offered $25,000.00 for a single painting and was refused.

We paused before the church. Here was tradition embodied. Here was history written in wood and bronze and old lace and silver.

FROM the church, Mrs. Merrill and I strolled down a side street and soon found ourselves in front of a lovely home built upon one of the innumerable tiny islands in the Sound. It had its shrubbery and its flowers, the climate being in range about like that of Washington, D. C. It also had its touch of modernity—a garage reached by a plank roadway over the water.

We returned to St. Michael's and took the walk to the right along the shore—the route often taken by Baranof and his Russian companions of a century ago as well as by his hundreds of successors. This path led to the park and Lover's Lane, famous throughout the entire Northwest.

As we walked along we saw a small group of young people from the ship encircling a large flat stone. Upon our approach they told us that it is the Blarney Stone of Sitka and that the tradition is if one will walk around it three times and then kiss its smooth surface, he will surely have speech and voice that will charm the birds from the trees. Furthermore, his wishes will come true. We obeyed, making the trip around the stone in single-file as two residents of Sitka stood by and watched the



KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE

ceremony, a smile of good-fellowship upon their faces.

RESUMING our walk, we soon passed the Indian school and Museum and found ourselves approaching the park and the entrance to Lover's Lane. No automobile has ever yet desecrated the grove. Sitka has kept the place sacred to those who love the woods and find in their "venerable forms" inspiration and solace. At the entrance to the park are some magnificent totem poles placed there by one who loved the North in its natural form—a Mr. Merrill, known in the region as the "Father of Pictures." This artist, a bird and nature-lover, according to a monument erected at the entrance to the park by an appreciative citizenry, died in 1932. I was sorry I had not gone sooner to this capital of the North, for the man had my name and I fancied, from pictures of him I had seen, a family resemblance.

IT was now late evening—it would have been pitch dark in Utah—but the sun was still slanting through the trees as we entered upon our quest for romance in Lover's Lane. This lane leads through the primeval forest between the boles of the trees of which glimpses of the glistening sound could be had. The ground was carpeted with mosses and was like velvet to our feet and like a delicate green rug to our eyes.

We walked along reverently here, for the ghosts of thousands of lovers seemed to be with us in the dim woods—ghosts of Indians, Russians, Aleuts, Scandinavians, Englishmen, Spaniards, Americans. Occasionally we would come to a huge and high totem pole standing like an Indian guard of the distant past among the trees where it had been artistically placed by "The Father of Pictures." At last the lane opened up and we found ourselves beside the replica of a Russian block house gazing out

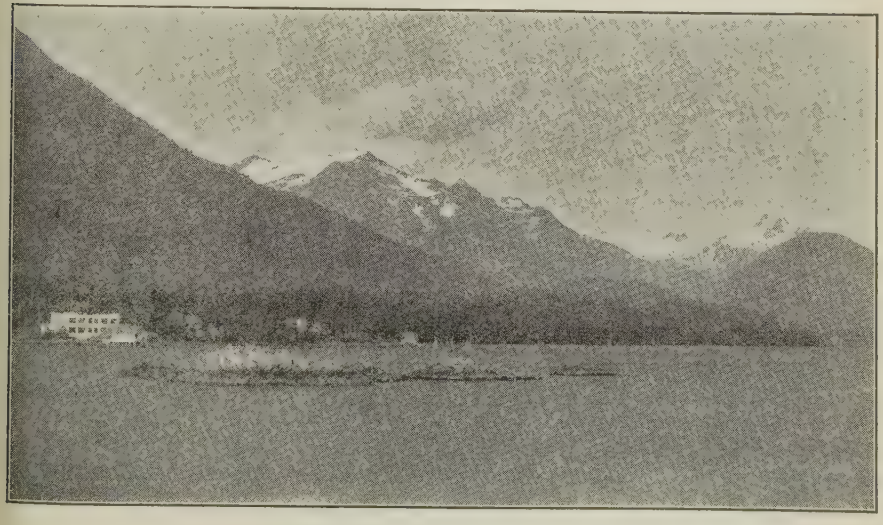
upon the glistening Sound. Here truly was loveliness spread before us like a banquet.

With the shadows deepening, we plunged back into the forest following another trail or the continuation of the same trail which had swerved here and turned back another way. We had gone but a short distance when we came upon a little circular clearing around which in solemn council stood several huge totem poles, their weird eyes gazing questioningly down at us from their forty feet as if we were trespassing upon sacred, native ground. We felt almost as if we should remove our shoes and tread softly in the transparent-green shadows through which only occasionally now long, level lances of sunlight were thrust.

The trail now followed a little creek and we soon came to a sort of suspension bridge beyond which, we were told by a sign, an auto road was to be found. At the end of the bridge, standing guard over the ancient forest trails was a most imposing totem pole with the head of a white man incongruously pictured on its top. From this bridge we soon found our way back to the entrance to the park and to the fading sunlight.

BY the time we had reached the city, the sun had left the Sound and was gilding only the peaks beyond. As I walked alone down the board road to the dock where the "S. S. Northwestern" lay, (Mrs. Merrill and the others having remained in the city to make last moment purchases) a great hush—an evening hush—was upon everything. The waves had now changed to mobile glass, transparent and yet having a color that made them look fragile and likely to break into pieces at a touch. A moon had been suspended in the deepening sky, a crescent of loveliness. The mountains had become shadowy tepees of the gods—calm, eternal, possessed of a great and an abiding peace.

I stopped and looked back at the little church that has watched beside the sea for more than a hundred years and up to the peaks which were there when the Russians first came



LOOKING ACROSS SITKA SOUND

to Sitka—Archangel Gabriel—and I thought how transitory is man; how eternal is the earth; how eloquent of God are sea and mountain peak.

A blast from the ship's whistle suddenly shattered the tremendous silence. She was ready to leave port. I was glad, for I wished to remember Sitka, the beautiful, peaceful but visible there under the darkening peaks a pearl in a crystal of silver and blue.

As we sailed south, the mighty Pacific washing against our bows and lifting us gaily and swinging us in long, easy arcs, the moon, somehow found a place above the glistening white brow of Mount Edgecumbe and hung there in its deepening field of blue like a crescent of promise. The shadows grew long and deep; it was with a sigh that we left old Sitka behind in its setting of emerald and turquoise—the City of Enchantment.

## THE VISITING TEACHER'S PRAYER

*By Afton Free Baird*

Give me, Oh Lord, this day,
The power to do one kindly deed;
Help me this day, I pray,
To plant one little seed
Of faith and hope within the heart
Of one despondent.

Give me, Oh Lord, this day,
The power to lift another's sorrow;
One word of comfort say
That will brighten the tomorrow
Of some sad heart that ever longs
For one departed.

Help me, Oh Lord, this day
Unselfishly to give;
Show me the way, I pray,
A better life to live,
For I shall dedicate this day
To Thee, Oh Lord.

# On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

*By Elsie C. Carroll*

## V.

HELEN was puzzled. Ought she to tell Steve who she was and claim her part of the ranch he had unwittingly admitted was hers? Should she write to Kendall, her lawyer, and ask him to come out and help solve the mystery of the cattle stealing? Should she make herself known to Uncle Billy and ask his advice?

She finally decided to wait for the present, but to make friends with the people at the Park and learn all she could.

One day she called on Mrs. Carter, the woman who on the evening of her arrival had been pointed out as a gossip who knew everything about everybody.

She found she could guide her hostess into any conversational channel she chose.

No, Mrs. Carter hadn't known Sam Huntsman. She'd only been coming to the mountain the past five or six years. But she'd heard all about the triangle with him and Steve Heyden's father and mother. Steve's mother, she believed, had died a few years ago in a sanitarium near Salt Lake City. His father had lived only a few years after that queer accident—if it was an accident. Of course the Powell Trail *was* narrow in those days, but good heavens, hadn't cattle men been riding over it for years and years before, and nobody else had ever gone over.

Molly Dean? Oh yes, she knew Molly. Everybody treated her just as if she were white. She'd kept house for Steve and his father after the mother "went off" and took care of Steve just as if he'd been her own child. But no telling what she'd be now if she kept living at Tess Morley's. Hadn't Helen heard? Why, the awful creature kept open house for all the roadhands and cowboys. She oughtn't to be allowed on the mountain.

No, she didn't exactly know just where Tess came from. She'd bought an abandoned rangers' cabin over in Aspen Flat and had fixed it up like a palace. Called it The Retreat—the brazen huzzy. Had couches and rugs and pictures—even a piano and radio and telephone—away out there. She kept blooded dogs and polo horses and rode all over the country just like a man; tagged along with the men with her movie camera, pretending that taking pictures was what she was interested in.

Molly? Oh, yes, she *had* been talking about Molly. Well she was a born nurse even if she was a squaw. A kind of Indian medicine woman. She'd gone to take care of Tess three years ago when the creature was so sick—and all the men were afraid she was going to die, and all the women were afraid she wouldn't. Molly had been with her ever since, poor old thing. Of course she didn't understand what Tess was.

Lon? Well, Lon was Molly's boy, working for Steve Heyden. Steve was awful good to him and if he wasn't careful Tess would get him yet through Lon. She was after Steve, everybody knew that, and she'd get him yet—offering a lot of prizes to keep the rodeo going because it was Steve's hobby. Wait until the rodeo—

HELEN wasn't so much interested in the coming rodeo as in learning what Lon was doing that day with a stranger on the opposite side of the mountain from Steve Heyden's ranch.

Why not ride out to Tess Morley's place? She'd like to know this woman. Perhaps Tess, as herself, had for some reason found her environment intolerable and had fled to the freedom of the West. An attractive woman *would be* misjudged by such minds as Mrs. Carter's. She wanted also to know Molly Dean, the Indian woman who had mothered Steve Heydon when he was a little boy.

If Russell had a map of the mountain, she'd go to Tess Morley's place the next day.

That night Bernice Hawley barely responded to Helen's greeting as the two met in the entertainment hall—jealous because Helen had been with Steve. Helen only smiled and looked about the room.

Mrs. Hawley sat in a corner with Mrs. Carter, who was leaning forward, screening her mouth with one hand and looking furtively about as she talked. Helen wondered who the victim of the moment might be.

She learned a moment later when she walked toward the fireplace and caught the words: "Dr. Grosbeck—the night she came—her husband." Fred had evidently made quite a stir, that night of her arrival.

She dreaded her first meeting with him. Of course he would make himself a missionary to try to bring about a reconciliation between her and George.

"Mrs. Carter was just telling me that Dr. Grosbeck is a friend of yours and that he thought your husband must be with you the night you came." Mrs. Hawley said. "A man should think twice before letting as pretty a wife as you go so far away without him. I live in Salt Lake City, but I don't trust that bald-headed old man of mine out here alone."

THE dance music started. There was a stir about the door as Tess Morley entered. She was instantly surrounded by men and boys.

"I should like to meet Miss—or is it Mrs. Morley," Helen told Russell. He seemed surprised.

"Sure. Tess is an unusual person. The women all hate her like poison But I guess that's natural, when she's so attractive to the men and can ride and rope with the best of them. And you ought to see the place she's fixed up away out here in the sticks."

"I should like to. Where is it?"

"Over in Aspen Flat—about twenty miles from here. Just a nice ride. You'll have to get one of the fellows to take you over some day. Come on I'll make you acquainted with her. You two might be friends."

Tess' black hair was parted in the middle and pinned severely back in a shining coil at the nape of her neck. Her skin was smooth and brown. She wore no rouge, but her lips, habitually parted in a smile that revealed white, even teeth, were painted a deep orange to match her earrings, bracelet, and nail polish. Her eyes, dark and heavily lashed, revealed her capacity for intense feeling either of love or hate.

"Hello, Wood," she said. "Where are all the fellows?"

"Aren't they all here?" he laughed, waving to the group about her.

She means Steve, thought Helen, and wondered why she resented the fact.

"This is Mrs. Latimer from Chicago, Tess. She is going to spend the summer with us. Mrs. Morley."

The woman looked at Helen with cool indifference.

"How do you do." She was about

to turn to one of the men at her side when Helen said,

"I have heard so much of your unusual summer home, Mrs. Morley. I wonder if you won't invite me out to see it sometime?"

Tess seemed surprised at her friendliness, but she did not respond. Instead she looked at her with an air of suspicion.

"I doubt if you would be interested, but come if you'd like to. It isn't far." But there was no cordiality in her forced invitation.

Helen, however, was determined not to be defeated in her new purpose. She must find out about Lon Dean, and how could she do it better than by becoming acquainted with his mother?

"I understand you have an unusual Indian woman for your housekeeper. Do you know, I have never seen a squaw?"

"She had better be careful about calling Molly a squaw, hadn't she, Wood?"

"That's right. Neither Molly nor Lon consider themselves Indians."

The music started again and Tess went onto the floor with Ham Grimes who swayed with a rhythm inspired more by alcohol than by the orchestra.

Helen resented the woman's incivility, but she was undaunted in her plan to see The Retreat and to meet Molly Dean.

THE next morning Russell gave her a map of the mountain and pointed out Tess' place. He showed her two ways she might go. The road was plainly marked on the map, but there was a trail more direct.

Steve's horse was brought for her, and Helen rode out of Pleasant Valley.

The ride through the trees was glorious. The road led her from ridge to ridge, each very much like the one before. Finally she reached the top of one and saw The Retreat below her.

The original rangers' cabin had been enlarged, wings added to the south and west. The house was painted white with green trimmings and there were white fences and trellises for roses and vines. The building was surrounded by rock gardens, grottos, and beds of perennials. Strewn throughout the grounds were garden-chairs, tables, hammocks and bright umbrellas. Picturesque as the place was, it seemed incongruous. The rough log buildings at the V. T. Park seemed more in keeping with the surroundings.

For a little while she sat in her saddle with no definite plans. She only knew that she had come hoping to learn something about Lon Dean, whom she felt was in some way connected with the cattle thieves. But she had no idea how to proceed now she was here.

The place seemed deserted. Tess Morley with her camera was probably with the rangers Helen had heard were going to mark trees to be taken from the forest.

At last she rode down to the house and dismounted. She would try to find Molly Dean.

She was fastening Maje to a hitching post when she heard a horse coming down the ridge opposite her. In a moment the rider came into view. He was small and dark and was hunched over the pommel of his saddle. He wore no hat and his head was bound with a red bandana handkerchief.

Helen looked with growing excitement as he came nearer. At last she was sure it was Lon.

It was evident that he was injured. His hands had dropped the bridle reins and were clinging to the saddle, and he swayed dangerously as his

horse descended the rough trail. When the horse reached the foot of the ridge he walked to a gate at the south side of the house and stopped. Helen heard the rider groan as he lurched in the saddle.

As she started toward him, a door of the cabin opened and a fat dark woman in a bright print dress hurried down the path.

The two women reached the boy at the same moment. Molly was too intent on her son to pay much attention to Helen. At sight of his face, covered with dried blood, and the wild fevered look in his eyes, she emitted a queer guttural cry. Helen could not be sure whether it was of anger or pity.

The boy slid from the saddle and stood clinging weakly to the horse's mane. Molly shook him gently and demanded,

"What matter? You get more bad whisky?"

The boy roused himself and shook his head.

"No. Hurt. Try find about cattle thieves. They think I tell and knock me in head. I got to find Steve—but—I—"

He swayed and would have fallen had not Molly caught him. Helen helped her get him to the porch. He was burning with fever. His eyes had a wild expression again. He kept muttering. She caught a few words—"calves—cave—House Rock—Canyon Rim," but she could make nothing of it.

Her first impulse was to hurry away to find Steve, but the boy was desperately ill. She must help Molly care for him.

They got him to a couch on the porch and Molly brought water and bandages from the house. She took the colored handkerchief from his head, revealing a deep, jagged gash near his right temple.

"There is a doctor at Bright Angel," Helen said as Molly worked. "I'll go back to the Park and telephone for him."

"Yes. Queek. He hurt bad."

Helen started toward her horse. The Indian woman called after her.

"Find Steve, too. Tell him 'bout thieves."

Helen hurried back over the trail, trying to think what could have happened to Lon and how his injury might be connected with the cattle-stealing mystery.

She would telephone to Fred Grosbeck as soon as she reached the hotel and then try to find House Rock Valley. Could she find Steve's ranch from the map Russell had given her, or would she have to ask the hotel proprietor for a guide? From Steve's behavior on the day they had seen Lon with the red bearded stranger, she knew he desired to keep what was happening secret. Evidently he had some plan upon which he was working.

SHE was riding as fast as she dared along the rocky trail when she became aware that another horseman was coming toward her through the trees at her right. It was Bernice Hawley. How pretty she was in her red shirt and khaki trousers, her yellow curls and wide sombrero framing her face—a bright dryad of the woods.

She joined Helen on the trail.

Helen greeted her genially. The girl's dislike for her was only foolish jealousy because Steve had taken her to Point Sublime. She would cultivate the child's friendship. "Do you know I almost called you Bernice. There's something about this country that makes one want to do away with formalities."

"That's what everybody says," Bernice looked questioningly back over the trail. "Isn't Steve with you?"

"No. I haven't seen him since the day he took me to see Point Sublime. I wish you had gone with us; it was a marvelous experience for me. I suppose, though, you have seen the canyon so often it doesn't affect you as it does a stranger."

"I wasn't invited to go," Bernice pouted childishly.

"You should have come along anyway. This is a free country, isn't it?" She could see the girl's hostility giving way.

"Steve doesn't like me around. He acts as if I'm nothing but a baby.

"What's *your* name?"

"You'll laugh. It's Sammy—Sammy Latimer. I was named for my father. But everybody calls me Helen."

No wonder Steve called Bernice a pest.

"You're a widow aren't you?

"No."

"What did you come out here for?"

"Why, to see the country of course."

Bernice was silent a moment, studying Helen critically.

"Steve'd fall for your type a lot quicker than he would for Tess Morley's," she said glumly.

"What a child you are. Steve Heyden isn't the kind of a man who'd be falling in love with any married woman."

The mention of Steve reminded Helen of her grim errands.

"I must hurry to the hotel and send a doctor to Lon Dean," she said and urged her horse on.

*(To be continued)*

## A "MARTHA" SPEAKS

*By Maryhale Woolsey*

I have not beauty, eyes to charm
  Beneath a ballroom's gala light,
—But I can keep a hearthside warm
  And snug, against a wintry night.

I have not brilliance, minds to thrill
  In halls where great and wise folk meet,
—But I can place a chair just right,
  With hassock for one's tired feet.

A house palatial, servant-filled,
  I might not competently rule;
—But I can serve a tempting meal,
  And make a bed smooth, clean, and cool.

. . . And you, my dear, when glitter palls
  —Wearying body, mind, and heart,
Will find my love-kept fireside
  Life's sweetest and most precious part.

# The Lure of Something Green

*By Mabel S. Harmer*

FOR years I have tried to alibi myself out of keeping house plants. My south windows are inadequate to care for many plants and I always have a guilty conscience when I deprive them of sufficient sunshine by putting them anywhere else. If I go away for a vacation they are harder to dispose of than either the canary or the children and I usually end up by bribing some kind neighbor to come in and give them an occasional drink and then I worry all the time as to whether she has remembered to lock the back door after her or if I shall come home and find all the silverware missing. What with babies, housework and itinerant scribbling, I really haven't time to take care of them properly, nevertheless, I simply cannot resist the lure of something green.

Patricia has reached the dignity of six years and the first reader and now only once in a great while sends my favorite plant crashing to the floor, but Alan will shortly be walking and I know with an awful certainty that he will exhibit the same fondness for examining the soil in my flower pots that his older brothers and sisters have done with the same dire results to my carpets. And still I persist in putting things in pots or tin cans as the case may be and feeling an exaggerated sense of pride when they grow into presentable looking plants. Lately I have read that "houseplants are very essential units in modern home decoration" and since then I feel that my efforts are entirely justified.

Nevertheless, I have a great deal of respect for the person strong minded enough to say, "No, I won't be bothered with house plants." There have been times when I have made resolutions to that effect myself but I have never kept them going. Just when things were going along nicely some kind soul was sure to present me with something or other in a pot and as long as I had one to care for I felt that I might as well have others and so the whole story would begin all over again. But then, there is probably that in all of us that sooner or later longs for the sight of something green and growing in the house.

The difficulty, of course, is to keep it green and growing. Outdoor plants will, to some extent, shift for themselves but as soon as they are brought inside they depend upon you for water, for care and for the right amount of heat and sunshine. They are a tremendous responsibility. Having once taken them under your roof, they demand that you allow them to suffer no neglect.

A GENERATION ago when steam heat was not so universally used and before fresh air was allowed generally to all rooms, house plants thrived wonderfully. They enjoy nothing better than a nice stuffy room where there is a lot of moisture to condense and run down the window pane.

If one wishes to be very hospitable to plants, a home in a south window of a kitchen where there is a coal or electric range and where the air is moist from steam will be most appreciated. Unfortunately the kitchen isn't the place where one usually wants them nor can gas ranges be

tossed lightly aside for the benefit of the plants.

Gas is the sworn enemy of the house plant and after that comes dryness of the air. The latter is easily overcome by merely keeping the earth in the pots watered. Plants, like people, breathe through their pores and the air in many homes is too dry for both of them. Some hot air furnaces have excellent humidifiers which helps to overcome this condition. Water pans kept on radiators will help to moisten the air to some extent. A better way to help the plants is to stand the pots in a shallow pan with about an inch of water in it, raising them on a layer of pebbles so that the water reaches only to the base of the pots. The constant evaporation will keep the air moist and the plants healthy.

These pans need not be unsightly. A long narrow baking pan painted green is quite attractive or the flower pots may be placed in separate pottery bowls. When the air is moist, the plants will require less water for their roots. The expert can tell whether a plant needs watering by rapping on the pot with the knuckles; if it sends forth a ringing sound, the earth inside is dry. The inexperienced gardener, like myself, however, finds out by digging into the earth with her fingers.

A plant that is flowering or making active growth needs more water than at other times. It is entirely possible to be too generous in this regard and give the plants more water than they require. One almost has to become acquainted with individual plants in order to learn their needs. If the leaves turn yellow and droop, too much water is being given.

Even with water at their roots and water in the air, the plants are not yet satisfied. They like to have a good bath twice a week. It is best to set them in a tub or deep sink and spray the leaves thoroughly on both sides with tepid water. Let the pots stand for about ten minutes in water nearly up to the rims so that the earth can become well saturated. Then take them out and drain them off, removing dead leaves and stems at the same time.

The regular earthenware pot is not the best receptacle for a plant because it is porous and dries out very quickly. Tin cans are really preferable or old saucepans with the handles removed. Drainage holes must be provided, of course, and they should be painted in attractive colors.

House plants soon become susceptible to drafts and cold air. The English Ivy will survive all sorts of weather out in the garden but once it has been taken under your kind protection in the house it will freeze if placed near an open window in zero weather. If it is necessary to open a window near where plants are kept, it is best to move them first to another part of the room. If the window is closed, a drawn shade will usually be protection enough for the plants but on very cold nights it is wise to use the extra precaution of placing several thicknesses of newspaper between the plants and the window.

If the plant freezes in spite of all your precautions, move it to a cool place and let it stand for a few days without being watered. Then cut off all the shriveled leaves and stems. Even if the entire plant has to be cut away, it will usually grow again.

A more disagreeable enemy to cope with than the cold is the army of small pests that seeks to find dwelling places in your plants. Aphids or green flies seem partial to many plants and then there is the horrid little white mealy bug that snuggles down into the hollows of

the stems. The aphids can be destroyed by spraying the plant frequently and thoroughly with soapy water followed by a clear water rinse. The mealy bugs have to be dislodged with a wooden sliver.

Don't be too anxious to repot flowers. Unless a plant is very crowded it is best to leave it undisturbed. Instead of moving the entire plant just take out some of the top soil and replace with a fresh soil using a mixture of loam, leaf mold and sand. It is best to make any changes in the spring or early fall.

Spring is also the best time to make cuttings or root divisions. Some plants, such as the geranium for instance, will give better results if fresh plants are started every year from the old ones.

Perhaps you have wondered why the lovely plant which comes from the florist droops so quickly. This is because its growth has been forced in the greenhouse and all its strength used up. If it is a plant which will keep for another year it can be saved by cutting it back entirely after it is through blossoming and then allowing it to rest a few weeks without much water. Often fresh growth will start again from the roots.

If one does not care to go in very extensively for the raising of "proper" plants, there is something very fascinating about the process of taking a common vegetable or dull brown seed, putting it in soil or water and presently seeing a lovely green plant spring into life.

Among the vegetables that lend themselves to gardening for beauty as well as utility are the carrot, beet, horse-radish and sweet potato. Each one of these will produce a plant worthy of a place in any living room.

If your choice is one of the first three named, you cut away all but about one inch from the top of the root and place it in a dish filled with fibre or pebbles and water. The carrot will provide a green fern-like plant, the beet will bring forth a glossy red and green foliage and the horse-radish will produce a tall, picturesque plant of vivid green.

The sweet potato asks for nothing more than a bowl of water. It is best to use a small, fairly deep bowl. Toothpicks stuck in the sides of the potato and resting on the brim of the bowl will support the tuber so that it is half way in the water. Here again there will be a beautiful combination of red and green in the leaves and stems.

The seed of an avacado will send forth leaves resembling those of a poinsetta when planted in a deep vase or a bottle of water. The seed stays at the top of the water. The seeds of gourds or of grapefruit will also make pretty growth. They require soil for their beds and respond gratefully to abundant water and sunshine.

The woman who complains that "plants simply will not grow for me" usually just has another way of saying "I can't be bothered giving plants their proper care." She can still have something green around the house, however, by planting some vines. The English Ivy, for instance, will grow almost anywhere in the house and requires no care except a daily watering, which is little enough for any plant to ask.

It is possible to create some very attractive effects by the use of vines. They can be placed at the top of the window on an especially built shelf and will form a most unusual and summery curtain. A trailing vine in a wall bracket is also delightfully effective.

A clever new idea is embodied in the small white china figures, each with a receptacle for a tiny plant, which can be purchased at the five and dime stores. Never have I seen

anything more charming than the boy with the wheelbarrow containing one little violet plant.

House plants, after all, are like children, music lessons and many other worth while things. They are a lot of trouble and take quite a good deal of time but they repay many times over the efforts spent in their behalf.

# The Coveted "A" Class

*By Clara Perman*

IT'S almost time for school, Bobby," I said to my young son who was looking out the window. "Here's your report card all signed and ready. Tell Miss Brown that your mother thought it was splendid."

"Okay, mummy, I was just waiting to see if Patsy was coming. She was sure scared to go home, said her mother would be awful mad about her card. She had all III's and IV's—but, of course, she's in the "A" class and it's lots harder work there!"

I knew that sooner or later he would realize that the "A" class did superior work; but I never wanted it to interfere with his happiness, the confidence he had in his own ability; so, as I took care of that stubborn top button on his coat, I said, emphatically, "But the "B" class is doing mighty fine work, too. Just think of all the things you have learned this term!"

"I'll say!" he smiled back at me and dashed off happily.

HE was no sooner out the door than Mrs. Hall, Patsy's mother, appeared all hatted and coated and ready to go some place.

"I wonder if you'd like to visit school with me this afternoon," she said, "Patsy brought an abominable report card home today and I'm going up there to see what's wrong."

I remembered what Bob had said about Patsy—afraid to go home. Having taught school for several years, I thought I might be of some help to this new neighbor. I put on my wraps and we started out.

She was all stirred up, I could see, and at once began to spill over, "You know, I'm going to tell that teacher a thing or two; she wants to put Patsy back in the "B" class. Now Patsy had the highest IQ of any in the group when she was tested and why don't her grades show it?"

I knew of several reasons why this might happen; but she was so irate I felt that I would have to be very tactful. "How did you know about her IQ?" I asked softly, "I thought they never gave out that information."

"Oh, one of the students in the psychology class tested Patsy and told me. Of course, I had been teaching Patsy at home because I didn't want her to go up there and not know anything. So she got into the "A" class all right and, believe me, I'm not letting them put her back, either. I can help her at home so that she can keep up."

I was beginning to see where the difficulty lay and my pity went out to the child to whom this grave injustice was being done; but I decided not to draw conclusions until I had visited the school.

The "B" class was reciting first. Although I'll have to admit I would secretly have preferred that Bob

could walk out with the class that had tested a higher intelligence, I knew how small a part pure mentality really counts toward success. I certainly wasn't going to let it worry me or worry him, for the worry of the mother always reflects in the child. I saw him happy and interested in his work with a firm grasp upon all the material presented. He was developing a definite leadership without dominating, seemed to be well liked by his classmates. When the children were set to work by themselves, he attacked his job earnestly and intelligently. I was well satisfied.

Then the "A" class was called. Patsy was decidedly embarrassed, nervous, which resulted in hysterical giggling. With absolutely no interest in her work she stumbled along showing an unmistakable inferiority to the other members in her group. As she could get no attention by good work she attempted to get it by annoying the other children and it was plain to be seen that they heartily disliked her. When she was called upon to recite, her face at once became drawn, strained; a deep wrinkle formed between the eyes. Patsy was a very unhappy child—and it was due to maladjustment because of a mother who didn't understand.

Surely now Mrs. Hall could see that she had been wrong, I thought, but after school I found that she did not; but insisted that Patsy was just lazy and silly, should be made to stop that foolishness and get right down to business.

"Well, we'll try her a while longer," said the teacher resignedly. I could tell that she disliked to put the child in a lower division, knowing the mother's attitude; for Patsy would at once be made to feel that she was in utter disgrace. An absolute stigma seemed to be attached to anyone working in the "B" class.

I like to be friends with my neighbors and wanted to avoid any hard feelings, so as we walked home I was wondering just what I could say to this mother in order to avert the tragedy which I saw was overtaking little Patsy.

In the first place Mrs. Hall had deliberately coached Patsy so that she would make a high IQ and be put in the coveted "A" class. This was her first injustice toward the child.

THE only possible value that can be attached to the IQ is its significance in the field of education, and here it is most certainly not to be discredited. The purpose of the test is to determine the original endowment of children. Each child is then placed in the school group where he can work to his maximum capacity without being unduly taxed or not sufficiently taxed. The slow child will not be humiliated by constant defeat because of unfair competition and finally give up in despair; nor will the superior child be allowed to develop that overbearing conceit which comes as a result of constantly comparing himself with the slower children. The fast child will not be held back by the slower one, which may cause the development of lazy habits for—"Even genius languishes when kept overlong at tasks that are too easy."

Teachers take the IQ only as an indicator, not as a criterion. There is no test that tests native ability absolutely. The test measures intellectual capacity indirectly. It is really mental behavior that is measured and this is conditioned not only by native endowment but by experience and training. Now if the other children in Patsy's "A" class had been given the same training

that Patsy had been given previous to the test, they might have absorbed this same knowledge in a much shorter period of time and with much less effort. Naturally, in school they would soon overtake Patsy and in no time at all would be far ahead. The teacher in this case was alert to find any discrepancy in the grouping that might make for maladjustment but was hindered by a mother who would sacrifice her child's whole life because of her pride in that "A" class rating.

A mother may dislike to have her child changed to a lower division because of the keen disappointment she feels he will suffer. Her attitude will have a great deal to do with alleviating any such feeling. If she says quietly, "Miss ———— and I have decided that you will be happier working with this other group," and passes it off lightly with no insinuations as to the disgrace of being *put back* he will feel it very little, and if at all, but a few days, then it is forgotten. He will be a much happier child, and be doing far better work.

The feeling of the lower division toward the higher division is much the same that we have when we start for an outing in our little inexpensive car. A big Model de Luxe may pass us easily in all its splendor. For a moment we may look upon it with envy—but most certainly it isn't going to spoil our little picnic. There is happiness for everybody—if he is where he belongs.

COACHING the child constantly in order to keep him with a higher group is unfair. Too much energy is exerted in study which should be used for play or rest. Both his physical and mental powers will be undermined rather than strengthened. All of this coaching does not add one iota to his mental endowment. He hasn't the acumen for grasping ideas as quickly in class, and may begin to feel that he is not like the other children, something is wrong with him. This leads to loss of confidence, instability, and often a child is forced into a lonesome little dream world of his own, because he hates school.

Laziness, of course, must never be tolerated. Every means should be employed to see that a child is doing his best work. However, it must be remembered that there is a maximum for each child and he cannot be forced to exceed it.

It is often highly commendable that a parent help a child with homework, if it is done under the teacher's guidance. The parents can do much to arouse the child's interests, increase his powers of concentration and attention, keep him enthusiastic, spontaneous, thrilled with each new adventure. No child should be unhappy in this world where so much beauty and so many sources of joy have been bestowed. It is the child who goes through life looking through dull drab windows that is to be pitied.

PARENTS often expect too much of a child because they have been informed of a high IQ which is erroneous. The Stanford-Binet Test, which is used extensively for finding the IQ, many times finds its way into the hands of those not sufficiently trained to give it. Yet the IQ will be given out glibly and taken seriously by the parents. Results from this test should never be considered valid until the method of procedure and scoring has been learned to the minutest detail; a general acquaintance with the nature of the test is by no means sufficient. Absolutely perfect conditions should be insured. Even then the problem of maturity of the eye, mathematical ability

rather than a readiness for reading may keep a very bright child from doing the type of work comparable with a high IQ during the first few years of school.

THIS idea that pure mentality is of such importance has been greatly exaggerated. In the game of life the child's temperament, disposition, persistence, physical alertness all taken together make up a personality that will determine success or failure. Those of us whose children make up the "B" classes may glean a bit of satisfaction from the statistics which show the great number of successful business men, prima donnas, artists, famous doctors, not to mention inventors now placed in the genius ranking, who have come out of a little "B" class. But we must ever keep in mind that they became successful because their enthusiasms and talents were not entirely killed by a constant insistence that they make the coveted "A" class.

The talents have been distributed by a higher power than our own and we must be content. It is the wise, judicious mother who sees that her child does not bury his talent under a load of censure, but finds joy in the "well done" which comes from getting the most from that with which he has been endowed.

## MOTHER-FRIEND

*By Edna J. Gardiner*

God gave me a friend that I might see
Something of His Divinity.
A friend where grief and joy are one,
To have, to share, till life is done.

God gave me a friend so sweet and mild
Who could open her arms to a little child;
A friend to heed the age-old plea
Let little cihldren come to me.

God gave me a friend whose charm and grace
Lent halo to the commonplace.
A friend whose kindly thought and deed
Was manna in my time of need.

God gave me a friend in life's dark hour,
A staff, with all sustaining power;
A friend for whom my prayers ascend
God make me worthy of my friend.

# Happenings

*By Annie Wells Cannon*

SEPTEMBER—Nature rich in color, melody and fruitage, o'ershadowed by fleecy clouds warns to labor and to love. How beautiful are life's lessons if only we were wise enough to understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

MADAM MINISTER Ruth Bryan Owen shows her pronounced femininity by retaining in her official and literary work the name under which she gained her distinction, only using the name and title of Captain Boerge Rhode to whom she was married last July, for court and social circles.

QUEEN MARIE of Rumania with her daughter, Ileana, Princess of Hapsburg, is vacationing in England, her native land.

A DARING Texas girl pointed out to the self-sufficient Bernard Shaw, a mistake in history data in his Saint Joan. He acknowledged the error, but wondered why she took twelve years to tell him. Probably no one else dared and she was scarcely old enough.

AMELIA EARHART, America's favorite sportswoman, has been presented with a trophy in recognition of her outstanding solo flight from Honolulu to the mainland in 1935, by the Woman's International Association of Aeronautics. Not having any more oceans to cross, Miss Earhart is now engaging in research work, studying human reactions to flying.

MRS. VIOLET VAN DER ELST, wealthy English woman will open a campaign this month in America against capital punishment for which she is prepared to spend a fortune. She believes in severe punishment for the guilty but not in "legalized murder."

HELEN STEPHENS recaptured the women's 100-meter sprint crown for America at the World's Olympic in Berlin this summer.

ELSIE JANIS, noted actress, has decided to give all her worldly possessions for charity. She wants to do something worth while before she dies and is especially interested in the poor and child welfare.

A WOMEN'S dress museum has been opened in London. The collection comprises about 1500 dresses of every style and texture. There are dresses worn by queens, professional beauties, and peasants. Truly a study in periods for the stylists.

NORMA SHEARER as Juliet, has been called the miracle of Hollywood. Shakespeare's tragic love story has been made to live again by her magic art.

MRS. LIZZIE THOMAS EDWARD, one of the leading singers and conductors of women's choirs in Utah, died last month. Mrs. Edward was musical director of the Relief Society choir for nearly thirty years.

# Religious Verse of Alice Freeman Palmer

*By George H. Palmer**

I PRINT here a little group of poems written by a busy woman of affairs. To most of those who knew her it will be a surprise to find that Mrs. Palmer was a poet. It was a surprise to me, perhaps to herself. For though a strange power of radiating light and warmth was felt by all who approached her, she devoted her brief years to occupations far from poetic, occupations calling chiefly for practical sagacity. Yet such work, too, she ennobled. Other persons engaging in it often become mechanical. It was precisely her distinction that she was never conquered by routine. Every day she brought fresh interest to each labor, and so maintained a rich personal life through all publicity. When in later years that life began to express itself in verse, one could see that the faith, romance, and passion for beauty, which here at hastily snatched moments received poetic form, had been all along the deep inspiration of commoner tasks.

How multifold, however, and seemingly alien those tasks were, a brief enumeration will show. She took a leading part in organizing two large colleges, both experimental and of widely unlike types. For twelve years, as a member of the State Board of Education, she was engaged in reconstructing the Normal Schools of Massachusetts. She was for a time the president of a great missionary society. During the last third of her life she was associated on many committees with lawyers and business men seeking civic and social reform. In numberless ways she devoted herself to enlarging the opportunities for women to obtain a higher education. As a speaker she was listened to with pleasure and conviction. Her correspondence was enormous, for she was consulted by persons of responsible position from one end of the country to the other. In this advisory capacity she had steady need of watchfulness and tact to keep herself clear of schemers—sometimes of a selfish, more often of an unbalanced, sort—who were ever ready to hitch their rickety wagons to her auspicious star. Throughout all these complicated public duties she was still masterly in housekeeping, lavish in friendship, charming in all domestic and social graces. No one found her hurried, but peace and the blessed sunshine seemed ever to attend her.

It is hard to see how a woman doing in this elaborate way the work of several men, and at the same time living with singular fullness the usual life of her sex, could find leisure to gain the technical training required by the most exacting of the arts. And probably it would have been impossible if it had not been for what I may call Mrs. Palmer's habit of instantaneous excellence. In small things or in large it was characteristic of her to take no wrong roads. She seemed to have the bird's instinct for finding her way through unknown regions to the significant spot. Rarely did work of hers have on it the fumbling marks of the amateur. Bring a bicycle to her door for the first time and she would ride it at once. Give her a camera, and her earliest photographs would be exquisite. The same easy mastery was hers in managing a refractory committee of the Legislature or in installing a heating plant. To forget

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herself, to observe, to submit her mind to the conditions before her, to let her powers be invigorated rather than abashed by the presence of needs, and to hit nothing but the mark, these were daily habits which enabled her to accomplish astonishing results. Excellence was her province. She settled in it and made herself cheerfully at home there.

From childhood she was fond of verse, and her acquaintance with the long line of English poets became extensive and critical. She loved much of the earlier poetry which is now little read. I was often surprised when reading with her to see how her hospitable and precise taste would discriminate the good from the middling in authors with whom she was only then becoming acquainted. Seldom was she misled by hazy thought or dazzling diction. She found poetry rather in situations than in words, and the true poet was he who could let her see those situations clearly. That she was in the habit of writing verse herself I did not know until the year before her death. On her last wedding anniversary in America she brought me a volume of twenty poems celebrating our happy life in the country. In Paris, a few days before her death, she told me she had intended to expand this into a sort of marriage cycle. Among her papers I found many such poems of Love and Nature, most of them too personal for publication. With them, however, were certain hymns and religious verses, which seem to me to possess a peculiar combination of simplicity, depth, and veracity. These qualities may give them general interest. Religious verse, strangely enough, is apt to lack veracity. Even when impassioned, it easily falls into conventional diction. The human mind has difficulty in facing God alone, and offering to him its very feelings. In that august presence it inclines to lean on its fellows, and to employ general proprieties to help out its own special utterance. But Mrs. Palmer was herself everywhere. She had no society manners. Even toward superiors she used respectful boldness. In these poems there is, accordingly, a rare genuineness. They record the veritable ingredients of a single mood of mind. And this inner dignity often gives rise to felicity of phrase. There is, however, no curiousness. The lines are swift, of unimpeded flow; but freshness of thought marks the words, and leaves them singing in the ear after the line is ended. I am sure it would be much against her judgment to call these poems great, or even to have them printed. She told me that all she had written were but sketches, and had better be burned. But I believe that this selected exhibit of a collateral and occasional interest in the life of one so widely loved is justified by the fair degree of technical merit, the naturalness and appealing power of the poems, and the support they are likely to afford to true religious feeling. I may add that several of those here given were written during an illness which followed a serious accident, and all of them during the last five years of her life.—(The Outlook, January 16, 1904.)

Poems included in this article and found in our text book are:

The Tempest.
Nightfall.
Acquaintance With Grief
The Glory Of The World.
On a Gloomy Easter.
The Butterfly.
A Communion Hymn.

"Suffocation" and "The Singing Heart" are published herewith.

## SUFFOCATION

*By Alice Freeman Palmer*

I cannot bear your violin tonight,
It sobs and wails with pain;
Down the piano-keys the tears drop light,
Put out the lamps again.

Some moments come when poetry and song
Are far too sad for me,
When music's chords beat on my heart too strong,
I cannot breathe or see!

Let me go out under the steadfast stars,
So many and so still,
And soothe my spirit beating on its bars,
And think on Heaven's sweet will.

Night unto night, dear God, thy glory tells,
Thy stars together sing!
Such music all my heart with rapture swells,
As birds in early spring!

## THE SINGING HEART

*By Alice Freeman Palmer*

I wonder why I am so glad today!
My friends have gone away—
Some in the country, some by the salt sea,
Some in the mountains,—
All are gone from me.
And some are sick, and some are very sad,
And yet I am so glad!

Why should I feel so glad and well and strong?
Sickness has left me weak, and pain for long
Has kept me silent, constant company;
But now my heart is singing joyously;
No task would be too heavy, no pain bad
Today, I am so glad!

Why is the world so sweet and fair just now?
Men stagger to their work with aching brow.
The little children gasp in the foul street,
The great, tired city throbs with parching heat,
Yet I can drink cool winds from far away,
I am so glad today!

Can I be lonely, sick, or sad again?
I will go out to heal my brother's pain,
To help and succor in the world's distress;
So blest, great Love, by thee, I too will bless,
And in dark days to come will think alway
How glad I was today!

# The Relief Check

*By Sadie Ollorton Clark*

THE first time Elizabeth accepted the Relief check, she rushed to her bedroom and slammed the door behind her so that the children should not see her tears of shame and humiliation. Twice she almost tore the pink slip in half, but the knowledge that Melvin, her eleven-year-old son had no shoes for the approaching winter, and that Robert, seventeen, and the oldest of her seven children, could not finish high school without a little necessary money, kept her from it. Other people took it without any pretense of shame, and few had as many mouths to feed with as little to give them as she, although, she reflected bitterly, she was glad that she was ashamed. Somehow it set her apart from the mob that so regularly collected on the steps of the Relief Headquarters building.

She was disappointed rather than surprised when her husband accepted the check calmly enough. She handed it to him saying,

"I suppose this is the first time a Galbraith ever accepted charity."

But he said simply, "Well, other people get it and we need it worse than any of them. And if it helps your pride any, you can remember you aren't a Galbraith now. You're a Hardin."

Tears sprang again to her red eyes and her temper flared.

"Of course it isn't such a step down for a Hardin to take charity," she cried. "I suppose some members of your family have been on the city dole since the town was settled. Your brothers and your sister were the first to go on Relief here! They are all shiftless and poor! But I wasn't raised that way. I shouldn't have to be humiliated like this!"

"That's just your Galbraith pride," he said evenly. "When you're poor you have to forget about things like that. As for my family, you must remember that your children are my family too!"

"That's the reason I feel so badly. What will become of them? And it is just because you are lazy. You blame conditions instead of your own indolence when you don't want to work. Why haven't you plowed the land this year? Why have you let our best cows die from neglect this summer? Our land is mortgaged and we've hardly a herd of cattle left! Oh what is the use anyway?"

"There isn't any use with this drouth and the depression," he said soothingly, still refusing to quarrel with her. "It doesn't do any good to work. Your brothers just have better luck than I do, and they have better land too. They never have liked me or they would help us now!"

She turned from him quickly that she should not remind him of how the Galbraiths had felt when she married him. He had been such a fine boy then—so superior to any of his family, yet he was a Hardin and the family pride had suffered at the union. But, as the years rolled on, she had been so proud to hear the relatives say, "Elizabeth has made a man out of Harvey!"

Running from the room she met Robert. "Why Mother, what is the matter?" he questioned anxiously. "You've been crying."

"Oh, I'm—I'm just sort of worried son," she said hastily. "We are

so poor and the farm and everything has run down so much this year. I don't know what we will do this winter."

"If I could get a job I'd gladly stop school—"

"Oh, no! Not that. You have just this one year and you must finish. We will manage somehow."

"If we had gone to the ranch this summer we'd have had the cheese," he said, putting his books away.

"Why, Robert, you know I'm not strong enough to milk and do all that hard work, and the baby is so little. What do you expect your Mother to do, kill herself?"

"Well, you used to go up every summer and so did all the Galbraiths. You used to get a lot of money from the cheese too. You used to keep chickens and milk cows and keep a garden. We haven't done a thing this summer," he muttered as he turned his face away.

"I've had enough work to do, just keeping house for the family," she justified her lack of accomplishment as much to herself as to Robert. "I haven't felt like milking cows and making butter. It is so much work and bother to move up to the ranch every summer. None of the family go up there any more."

"I know it," he mourned. "I just love to be up in the mountains, but they all think the work is too hard. Hardly any of the Galbraiths have gone to the ranch since Grandma died. Of course the rest of them can get along without the cheese money, but we can't! We need it now!"

"I do all I can," she insisted as she left him. Everything we've ever had came from either me or my family."

It was true, too. When her father died she had taken her growing family to the big old house to live with her Mother, and when her Mother too had passed on, not one of her many brothers and sisters questioned her right to continue there, even if she took her share of the farm inheritance too. She had learned soon after her marriage that Harvey would always rather get a two dollar a day job than work in the fields, but she had managed to make him keep everything going until the depression and the subsequent relief. Her own feelings of helplessness and inability only made it harder for her to do the tasks that she had once accepted as routine. The breaking point came when she first accepted the relief money. After that they barely managed, and each month the pink check became more and more necessary.

She hardly knew whether to be relieved or worried when the wife of her wealthiest cousin took over the supervision of Relief work. Her pride took another blow when she saw the scorn in Eleanor Galbraith's eyes at her regular appearance at the Government headquarters. Yet she felt that Eleanor knew how to hold her tongue, and the knowledge of a Galbraith being on record would never go beyond the books.

So the winter passed and spring came with the approaching close of school and graduation for Robert. He was an honor student and the president of his class, a fine, handsome lad, ambitious and proud. Elizabeth had warned Harvey not to tell him of the dole. She felt he would never finish school if he knew of her shame. If he ever saw her near the government building he could easily account for it because of the relationship as well as the friendship which has always existed between his Mother and her cousin.

He realized her struggle with poverty and she recognized his embarrassment when one day he came to her with a list of his needs for graduation—some new clothes, money for various expenses. Elizabeth read

the items with desperation in her heart. There had been no income from any source but the Relief for months, and that check would never cover this additional burden. Would Eleanor see Robert's need? Perhaps, Elizabeth hoped, she might lend it to him herself and allow him to work for her to pay it back.

That same afternoon she approached Eleanor in her office, but her cousin shook her head at the suggestion of a loan.

"Why hasn't Robert been working and earning money to pay for these things? Other boys do."

"Robert tried to get work, but he hasn't had much time. I wanted him to finish high school credibly and I just haven't pushed him."

"He would have finished more honorably if he had helped pay for his education. I resolved when I took this work I would not give anyone a personal loan. I would have been penniless months ago if I hadn't taken this stand. The only thing I can do for you is to advance your monthly check. Do you wish me to do that?"

Elizabeth nodded miserably. Eleanor started for the door to the outer room and as she touched the knob, Robert, rushing in from the outside almost fell over her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon Aunt Eleanor," he gasped. "I was in such a big hurry and the clerk told me Mother was in here.

"Mother—could I get those white pants now? Bill Murray said he would let me drive the bus to the Ridgecrest dance tonight and give me my ticket as pay. I can't go if I don't have new trousers."

Eleanor closed the door as suddenly as she had opened it. Elizabeth watched her turn deliberately to the desk and open a government checkbook.

"If you are willing for your Mother to take this, Robert, she could get you the things you want."

But—but that is a Relief check. You wouldn't insult my Mother with a Relief check!"

"She hasn't been insulted by them."

"Mother!" he whirled on her, "you haven't—you couldn't have been taking dole?"

Elizabeth's first reaction was of anger against her cousin.

"You needn't have done this," she cried. But the boy rushed to her and shook her shoulders.

"How could you take such money? Where is your pride?"

She turned from Eleanor to Robert. "Pride—what good is pride when you are hungry? You wanted to go to school didn't you? Have you ever thought where the money came from? Your father hasn't carned a penny for a year."

"But the farm—hasn't it always kept us?"

"You know how bad the drouth was last summer. Your father hardly attempted to work the farm."

"But other people raised some crops. Uncle Ben has no more land than we and he wouldn't accept Relief, would he?"

Eleanor spoke quickly. "Your Uncle Ben," she said distinctly, "is a Galbraith."

"But aren't we Galbraiths too? He is Mother's own brother."

"Your Mother, Robert, married a Hardin, and she has become one of them."

"Oh I haven't Eleanor, I haven't," Elizabeth began to sob. "How can you say that?"

"I've watched you, Elizabeth. You've let down these last few years. Even if Harvey has failed, why should you refuse to work? Where are your chickens that used to bring you an income besides supplying your own eggs? Where is the vege-

table garden? Where are the cheese?"

"I've had seven children Eleanor. You've had only three. It takes all my time and strength to take care of them. You don't understand."

"That sounds like Ed. Hardin's wife, Elizabeth. I know you have had seven children, but your Mother had nine. She was not as strong as you are, ever, but you know how much she accomplished. She ran the dairy ranch every summer, milked cows, made cheese and butter. She clothed all of you from this income. She milked cows all winter and sold the best butter in our little town. She almost kept her entire family in school through her own efforts. I know your father worked continuously, but it was all he could do to accumulate the estate he left his family. I've heard your Mother say that she never asked him for a penny for anything. Her idea of a wife was a help mate. What has yours been?"

"But Harvey—"

"You know Harvey needs some one behind him to push, Elizabeth. Have you done that? And even then, what he does shouldn't stop you. You aren't old. Your children are all able to help. Why should you give them a heritage of humiliation instead of one of pride? I've wanted to say this for a long time. You don't have to accept this Relief check. Self respect is still yours if you would only work for it."

Robert eased his sobbing Mother to a chair. "You are right Aunt Eleanor. And I've been as bad as Mother. Here I am, nearly grown and I asked her for money to buy me clothes—white trousers. I'm ashamed," he choked, "but we won't take that check. I'll make old Bill pay me a dollar for that drive tonight instead of a dance ticket. And I can get a job with Uncle Ben for a month, planting. We can manage until it is time to go to the ranch."

"The ranch?"

"Yes, the ranch. You'll have to go up there and cook for us, Mother. You won't have to make cheese. I know I can get cousin Benjy to go there and look after his cows and use his truck to haul the milk to the cheese factory. The ranch isn't as far away as it was when it took all day to reach it in a wagon."

"But the house?"

"Well, Bess, is fifteen, isn't she? You said Aunt Martha ran the house when she was thirteen. And Dad will be here. There's nothing wrong with Dad. He can run the farm himself if he has to. And Melvin and Margie are perfectly able to look after the garden."

The garden! It was a patch of dry weeds and burs now. But suddenly in her mind Elizabeth could see neat rows of green, promising food for her meager table.

"A virtuous woman," the words sprang to her mind. "Her price is far above rubies. She considereth a field—with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

"You are right son," she said as she rose. "It will take about a month to get the garden ready before we can leave it. We must hurry home now and start to mend the fence tonight so that we will not have to worry about the chickens getting our seed."

# The "Patsy" Child

*By Virginia B. Jacobsen*

IN the theater there is a slang term "the Patsy." It is used to designate any subordinate actor whom an excitable and temperamental manager can use as a safety valve when he allows his temper to get the best of him. When such a director is annoyed with anything, he usually finds fault with "the Patsy." What he wishes to shout or wail at more important actors, he shouts and wails at "the Patsy."

It frequently becomes the habit of the director, almost unconsciously, to ease his every fretful mood by turning upon "the Patsy" an intermittent fire of invective or sarcasm. As would be expected, it frequently happens that other members of the company gradually turn their criticism and petulance in the direction of this unfortunate individual, who through no fault of her own, has been cast for this painful role.

Needless to say that in the theater "the Patsy" is almost invariably a woman or young girl. No man would endure the humiliation, even for the sake of a job.

The position of the helpless "Patsy" becomes almost unendurably ignoble. She is an adult made to undergo the most shameful experience of childhood, that of the dunce badgered daily by a thin-tempered teacher in the presence of the class. No special sensitiveness is needed to break the self-control of anyone so continuously humiliated.

LIKE the temperamental theatrical producer, many tired and weary fathers and mothers lose all their pent-up feelings in biting criticism of a defenseless child. Sad to say, they usually choose the child who is docile and least apt to rebound.

The theatrical producer, who gives vent to his irritability and in so doing forces the weakest member of his cast to suffer, is not half as base and cowardly as the parent or teacher who makes a safety valve of a defenseless child. On the stage, if "the Patsy" attempts to stand up for herself she is usually squelched or discharged from the company, but she always has the alternative of quitting her job. But, in the home or school room, if a child tries to defend himself, he is rebuked or punished for daring to speak to his parent or teacher in a disrespectful manner. Yet, no teacher or parent has a right to greater respect from a child than he or she shows for that child.

Children are quick to sense injustice. There is no surer and quicker way to lose the respect and love of a child than to force it into the role of "the Patsy." The actor thrust into this ignoble role usually continues to endure it through financial necessity; but the helpless child, who is a "Patsy" in his home or school, is forced to endure it because he has no choice in the matter.

A few years ago a most deplorable example of the results of making a child a "Patsy" came to light. When an investigator of national repute endeavored to find out what lay at the bottom of the crime career of young Hickman, it was disclosed that an unjust teacher had accused him of throwing a spit ball which he disclaimed. From then on he became the "Patsy" of the school room. In his mind grew the desire

for revenge. The desire for "getting even" with everyone grew until it distorted his mind beyond the point of sane thinking.

Of course, this is an extreme case, but it perhaps indicates the key to the solution of the trouble with many wayward girls and boys.

WE hear so much today of the dangers of an inferiority complex in a child. Yet, there is no surer way of developing a lasting inferiority complex than by making a "Patsy" of a sensitive child. If a child is constantly badgered and scolded, and reminded of his failures, it naturally follows that he will grow unsure of himself. Timidity of this type frequently grows into real fear; fear of not doing right; fear of criticism. No child can do his best if he is secretly harboring fear in his mind.

The role of the "Patsy" is apt to have one of two serious consequences: It may develop a serious inferiority complex, as has been pointed out, making the individual weak and subservient; or it may make him revengeful, secretive, and often cruel. Only the very rare personality will rise above it to success.

There are a few examples which point out how unthinkingly parents force a child into this role. John comes into the room where mother is entertaining guests. His face is dirty and he is untidy. Imagine his chagrin when he is greeted in the manner usually used under such circumstances. "John, for goodness sakes, go wash your face and tidy yourself. I am positively ashamed of you!" Nine times out of ten, as Johnny leaves the room he hears his mother making excuses for herself, not for him. "I just can't seem to make him have any pride in keeping clean. Mrs. Rich, how do you get your little Reginald to keep so clean?"

About this time, Johnny feels almost justified in doing violence both to mother and to dear little Reginald.

If one of mother's lady guests arrived with a smudge of soot on her face, and her slip showing below her dress, Mother would quietly follow her into the bed room and say in a considerate whisper, "Jane, my dear, there is a tiny speck of soot on your face, and your slip shows a tiny bit." Or, the guest might be left to display her untidiness in total ignorance of her plight. Yet, the other guests would have paid far less attention to John's appearance than to Jane's untidiness.

Doubtless you have seen this happen more than once. A guest at the dinner table inadvertently tipped over a glass of water, completely ruining the looks of the carefully set table. Mother hastened to reassure the guest that no damage was done. Anxious to relieve the embarrassment of her guest, the whole episode is soon forgotten.

The next morning, one of the children tipped over a glass of water on the breakfast table. Immediately the poor child is harshly scolded for being careless, thoughtless and a dozen other things. The child cannot help comparing the episode of last night with her own accident of the moment and senses the injustice of the situation. It is strange that most adults fail to realize the harm and injustice done to children under such circumstances.

Parents frequently find some little fault and continuously harp on that failure. One little girl of seven persistently bites her nails. Her mother has tried to help her overcome the habit by making her proud of her hands and with the promise of dainty leather gloves when her nails are long. What the mother

might accomplish the father makes impossible by continuously scolding the child for biting her nails. If the child asks for a penny to buy candy, her father asks to see her hands. His remark is usually, "Girls who bite their nails don't deserve candy!"

The father's harshness and lack of sympathy and understanding serve only to make the child more nervous. She is constantly in fear that she will arouse his anger or displeasure. When she becomes highly nervous or upset over something her first reaction is to bite her nails, and the damage is done before she realizes it. She consequently plans all sorts of subterfuges to avoid having her father see her hands. He is losing his child's love, and she is developing undesirable habits, just because he is making a "Patsy" of her in this one matter.

If parents are going to build noble citizens of their children, they must realize what delicate instruments they are dealing with. They must cease to consider them personal property on which they can give vent to their ire or displeasure any time anything goes wrong.

## GOLDEN WEDDING

*By Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson*

Fifty years you've climbed together
O'er the rugged hill of life,
Fifty years of joys and sorrows,
Fifty years as man and wife.

Stalwart youth and graceful maiden
Knelt beside the altar low,
Pledged the vows that naught could sever,
On that day so long ago.

Hopes were strong and young hearts eager
To begin the tasks of life,
Toil and hardships left undaunted,
Brave hearts, ready for the strife.

Just a simple little cottage,
But love made a home complete,
Baby faces came to bless you,—
Baby voices, wondrous sweet.

Tender memories cluster round those
Happy days of by-gone years,
Boys and girls around your fireside,
Telling you their hopes and fears.

Yours, the guiding hands that led them
In the paths of truth and right,
Yours, the words of hope and courage,
Yours, the prayers for them at night.

Life has brought both cloud and sunshine,
Joys and grief have been your own,
But you trod the path of duty,
And your names for good are known.

Sons and daughters gather round you
With their children's children too,
Love in every heart abounding
For your lives so fine and true.

Friends and kindred fondly greet you
Wish you well along the way,
May God add His choicest blessings,
On your golden wedding day.

# Too Much Freedom

*By Lucille Walker*

JANE ANDREWS came hurrying back to her mother who was sorting letters and papers beside an open trunk.

"It's Miss Madsen, Mother. She wants to know if you'll come to school tomorrow to act as judge in the school play try-outs."

"Oh dear, I do wish no one would ask me to do another thing till I get out of this muddle! House cleaning is bad enough at best, but when you have to stop, dress up, and go somewhere everyday, it's positively maddening. But I suppose I'll have to go." And Mary Andrews wearily put aside the piles of letters and prepared to go to the telephone.

"Why do you have to go, mother? Oh, I know how well you do those things, and all that, but what did the town do for some one to do all those jobs when you were a girl going to college? They ask you because they know you never fail to put over anything you attempt. If I were you I'd just say, 'Sorry! Can't do it. . . . I'm housecleaning!' and hang up."

Mary stared at her sixteen-year-old daughter. It did sound so easy when put that way. "All right," she said, "You tell her, and don't let her talk you out of it."

Jane was back in a few moments. "Well that's disposed of," she said airily. "Madsen was shocked and surprised, and whined a little, of course, but I simply said 'So sorry' and that was that. You know, mother, it makes me mad the way everybody works you—the M. I. A., the Relief Society, and the town. You're a peach when you have time to be. Do you remember how much fun we had when us kids were too young to leave, and you used to sing to us and tell us stories and play with us? But you hardly ever have time for Dad and us any more. It's lecture here, and teach a class there, put on a play or help with an entertainment—always something to worry you and wear you out. What time do you ever have to do things for yourself? Why you haven't painted a picture for years, and your writing—well the only time you do any of that is when you have to get a new reading, and can't afford to buy one. It makes me wild. I've just been reading this pile of stories you wrote a few years ago. You used to earn a little, writing for magazines, didn't you? I remember hearing dad tell how he nearly fell off the porch that time when he brought you a letter from some publishing house, and a slip of paper fell out of it. He picked it up and found it was a check for twenty-five dollars. Then there was the time you wanted new linoleum for that old house we lived in and you finally earned it by writing a story about it. Oh boy, if I could do that you wouldn't find me wasting my time just doing ordinary things for people."

"Jane, I'm afraid I've neglected your education," her mother interrupted. "I should teach you the value of service."

"I don't care. I think you could serve a lot more people by developing your talents. Look at this pile of poems. Why they're just as good as the ones we read in Literature class. I'm sure glad I stuck around to help clear out this old trunk. I'd forgotten what a clever mother I had. Our teacher says the only difference between a talented person

and a genius is that the genius doesn't let anyone or anything interfere with the development of his talent. Believe me, if I have any talent, which I probably haven't, I'll never give up till I reach the top!"

"Why Jane, I had no idea you felt that way about things. Come on, we must hurry or these papers won't be sorted by dinner time." Mary Andrews' voice was quiet, with no hint of the tumult Jane's words had aroused.

When the task was completed and the trunk lid was closed on the neat piles and bundles, Mary felt a pang of regret as if she had closed a door on dead hopes and ambitions.

Later at dinner when Jane entertained her two sisters and brother with the discoveries of the old trunk, Mary tried to laugh, but found she wanted to cry. With an excuse of being tired, she went to bed early instead of studying as was her custom. It was good to be alone, to think over this new idea. It had never before occurred to her to wonder whether she ought to do the things people asked of her. Someone had to do them. But now she realized that life had been just one big struggle to squeeze in one more task than it was possible to do in a day. It was as if someone had turned on a light in the dark attic of her mind, showing the clutter, the needless things taking up space where important things should be. That phrase of Jane's, "You're a peach when you have time to be—" kept repeating itself in her active mind. But she felt that on that score she need not upbraid herself, because she knew that she gave of herself as freely at home as elsewhere. The children never asked for help of any kind without getting a ready response whether it were lessons or a party or a broken doll. "Of course I could be gayer if I had less on my mind, she thought. "A woman can't do everything, and still be at her best—but there it is again, —I don't have to do everything. Let someone else do some of the things, then I can take good care of my children and still have leisure to write. Perhaps it isn't too late. My mature experience should count for something. Maybe it's my duty to the children to make a name for myself. Would they think more of me if I were a successful writer, I wonder?" "Maybe I haven't talent enough to be a really good writer. But the English professor at the University encouraged me a lot, and the editor that bought my stories said I had possibilities. Queer how every time I've had a perfectly grand idea for a poem or a story, it's always been just when I couldn't possibly take time out to write it up—when I'm preparing a reading or rehearsing a play or something like that. It surely takes leisure to do anything creative, like writing. Oh, well,—"

Mary never knew when thinking ceased and dreams began, but when she wakened her thoughts had somehow crystallized into a clear-cut determination to let nothing stand in the way of her talent.

She hurried through her morning housework and then as though she feared time might weaken her resolve, she dressed and went forth to burn her bridges.

Bishop Barnett was not inclined to take Mary seriously at first.

"Why Sister Andrews—you don't mean you want to be released from all your duties in the ward! You are trying to frighten me, or else you are hurt about something." But even as he said it, he noticed Mary's determined face.

"No Bishop, I'm not in the least hurt. It's just that I've decided I owe it to my children and husband to give them the best I have of time

and energy—and talent. I can't do that with all these outside duties. Please don't try to persuade me not to take this step."

"But Mrs. Andrews, you can't leave us in the lurch like this! The winter's work is just begun. You know yourself, there is no one to put in your place. So few women have had your training and experience. Why we've always counted on your loyal unselfish service. It's been an example and an inspiration to us all. After all, don't you think you too have been benefited by your activities? I believe it is quite impossible to serve without receiving as much as one gives. I do wish you'd change your mind."

"I'm sorry I can't do as you wish," Mary answered firmly. "This is not a hasty decision. For a long time I've wanted to try being free to enjoy the children and help them discover their abilities. Then I'd like to revive a few of my own hobbies. You'll find someone to carry on. No one is ever indispensable. Goodbye."

Mary hurried off feeling as guilty as if she'd just passed by some helpless creature in distress. Even the thought of being free did not bring the feeling of exhilaration she had anticipated.

That afternoon she made out a daily schedule for herself in which two hours of every day were to be devoted to writing, one hour to reading and study, one hour to the children's problems. After about two weeks of finishing up her public duties, she found herself trying to adjust to her new plan of life. Day by day she shut herself up and tried to write. She sharpened pencils and chewed them extensively. She scribbled and scratched out until her desk was littered with bad attempts.

"How is the story coming?" her husband inquired one evening a few weeks later.

"It's not coming," Mary admitted in disgust. "I haven't done one thing that's worth anything. Of course, I'm dreadfully out of practice. It will take a little while to get my brain shined up. Writing's like anything else that requires skill. It takes constant practice. And I'm going to practice."

As the months went by, Mary became aware of certain unpleasant truths. She couldn't explain it, but the help she'd hoped to give the children had turned out to be disappointing. The two younger girls had been started with piano lessons, but they hated it, and made life miserable with their complaints.

Queer how, when she was so busy, her brain had been full of ideas and plots for stories, and she'd had such a desire to write. Now it all seemed so flat. Try as she would, hour after hour, her mind seemed to be bare as the paper before her.

"Whatever is the matter with me?" she asked herself. "I haven't done anything worthwhile all winter. I've written reams of stuff, but it all lacks something vital. Not one of my stories has been accepted. I did better than this last year when I was so busy with other things."

Mary's chagrin became apparent in her attitude toward her family. She was often moody and silent.

Then one day in the late spring, when she had sat all afternoon trying to write a poem for a contest, Jane came in from school, peeked in cautiously. Seeing her mother's head on her arms, she cried out:

"Why, mother, what's the matter? are you sick? Can I help you? You've been looking terrible lately!"

Mary assured her daughter she was only discouraged.

"Well, mother, Senior High is having a big entertainment on Friday and all the kids wanted you to read that funny one act play you

read at our ward that night in the Fall—you know the one we liked so much. The boys said it was better than goin' to the movies to hear you read that. I told them I didn't think you'd do it, 'cause you weren't going in for that sort of thing any more. They said to coax you hard. But I don't want to interfere with your career."

"Jane dear, you big silly, I haven't any career but you children. Of course I'll do it if they want me to. This poem doesn't have to go in till next week."

Mary plunged into the study of the play with all her old enthusiasm —glad of an excuse to drop that tiresome old schedule. When the youngsters came in to dinner she was humming happily.

Friday found her a bit nervous as she waited behind the big velvet curtain of the High School auditorium.

"What if I've forgotten how to read after all these months of not doing it! Suppose I get stage fright!"

But she didn't. The gales of laughter told her the play was going over as it should. Afterward the boys and girls crowded around her. "Gee, Mrs. Andrews, that was great! We've missed you a lot this winter. What you been doin'? Come again and read for us."

Mary and Jane walked home arm in arm. The robin's song they stopped to listen to was not happier than the song in Mary's heart.

Jane said rather shyly, "I'd forgotten how nice it was to have a mother who could leave her work and come to school when we needed her. Susan Perry says it's her ambition to be like you."

Her mother smiled, but stopped short suddenly.

"Jane, I've just thought of the loveliest theme for that contest poem. I've been trying to write all week. It's good! I believe I can win the prize with it. Funny how it came to me all of a sudden while the boys and girls were talking to me! Thanks for getting me to go. I've learned something today, too. You know Jane you can't win success by just shutting yourself up and working for success alone. You have to have all kinds of experience, and know lots of people, and see into their hearts before you can write what they will enjoy reading. I don't know why I didn't see that. I've been going at my writing all wrong. No wonder I've failed. It's only as we give ourselves to others that we really grow and get the vision that makes us great. Come on, let's hurry. I want to write, write, write!"

## GOODBYE TO A MISSIONARY

*By Vesta P. Crawford*

Do not grieve, oh mother left alone
That now your only son has gone;
He is young to walk so far a path
And he is young to be a light for men,
But you will see a broadened soul
When he comes home again.

# Pin Money or Better

*By Sylvia R. Grant*

DURING the past few years many women have needed money, not only for pins, but to help meet the demands of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Even when it is not absolutely necessary for a woman to make money, there is ever so much satisfaction in earning enough to buy silver candlesticks instead of just ordinary ones.

In the "good old days," as they are called for some obscure reason, a woman had two means of making money at home. She could take in washing or she could take in sewing. Usually only dire necessity drove her to doing either. Nowadays there are dozens of different ways to earn money for either necessities or extras and it is considered smart to be able to do so.

Some of the methods described below require special training or natural talent. In some instances the work is easy to do but difficult to secure. All, however, are actual cases of work done by women who live within a two mile radius of my door. What they have done, you can too, if you want to badly enough.

IT is quite natural that women money earners should turn to the preparation of food as a likely means to their end and it is usually advisable to specialize in one particular thing. My next-door-but-one neighbor sells as many of her excellent cakes as she cares to make. Another woman makes chicken pies and rolls and her son delivers them to all parts of the city. Mrs. B. has a high pressure cooker which she operates in her own home during the vegetable canning season. The most versatile cook of my acquaintance will prepare anything from canapes to turkeys and I have known her to send out half a dozen of the latter, complete with dressing and gravy, on Thanksgiving day.

THE tea room business has flourished greatly the past few years since so many women prefer to do their entertaining where some one else can have the work and worry of it. A large home is not so essential for the venture as are attractive table appointments and good food.

THE extensive use of artificial flowers for corsages and decoration in the home has opened up an interesting and sometimes very profitable field for the enterprising woman. There are places in every city where one can go and learn to make flowers and if they are attractive enough they are readily sold through the department stores.

THE knitted dresses, which have lately become so popular, open up still another avenue for the woman who is clever with her fingers. The stores where the yarn is sold give instruction for knitting dresses and sweaters and can sometimes give orders for them. Hemstitching offers a quicker means of making extra dollars but requires the purchase of a special machine.

IF a pleasant, persuasive voice and a one-party line are among a woman's assets she can use them to advantage doing advertising by tele-

phone. Coal, facials and magazine subscriptions are among the items which have been offered for sale to me lately by this means. Such work is usually done on a commission basis so persistence and sales ability count.

ANOTHER type of work in the advertising line is addressing envelopes and this is one of the few kinds of work that does not require special ability or training. Because of this very fact it is rather difficult to obtain.

Only one woman of my acquaintance has gone in for kodak finishing and she has worked up a splendid business. She equipped a dark room in the basement of her house at very little cost and develops films at odd hours in between her regular household tasks.

THE basement also serves as a workshop for Mrs. S. who makes new furniture out of old—at least, so it appears. Her clients bring her all sorts of odd pieces of furniture and by dint of much sandpapering, enameling and decorating she turns out attractive and harmonious sets. She paints new furniture as well as old and can even do a bit of upholstering if necessary. She learned how to do the work and much about color effects and decorating from booklets furnished free by the paint companies.

A GIFT shop has proved a good source of income for another clever woman who happened to have a room she could spare for the purpose. She makes such items as aprons, handkerchiefs and hand-painted place cards herself and buys others.

FOR the person whose talents lie in working with children rather than flowers and furniture, the nursery school offers excellent opportunities. Suitable space and equipment are necessary to make this venture successful. The children usually range from two to five years in age and often are cared for during the entire day. In such case they are provided with lunch and beds for napping. Training courses in nursery school work can be studied by correspondence.

THE tutoring of backward or subnormal children can be done to better advantage in the privacy of a home than anywhere else and sometimes proves very lucrative work. The woman who attempts this, however, should have both excellent training and ability to properly handle such cases.

CARING for invalids or convalescent patients at home also pays well but is likely to require more of a woman's time than any of the other work discussed here. And last is woman's time honored job of baby tending. If a woman feels that she hasn't the talent and can't get the equipment for some of the other work mentioned here she can always manipulate a safety pin and heat a bottle to the right temperature. I felt like I had made a golden discovery when I found a woman close to town who would care for my infant while I shopped and went to a movie. I discovered her through a sign in her window which read, "I'll tend the babe." It sounded like it would be homey and friendly beyond the sign. It was.

AND speaking of signs, remember that advertising pays. Whether you hemstitch, finish films or make pies, don't neglect to tell the world about it.

# A Challenge

*By Eva K. Thomas*

MOST of our Pioneer mothers have passed away but their memory should be enshrined forever in the hearts of mankind. It was our Pioneer mothers who worked wonders in making the West what it is—a land of plenty, happy homes, and smiling faces. It was they who glimpsed the future and saw just beyond the horizon a better day for their children and for their children's children. Their lives knew nothing but toil, days and nights of suspense, and in their hearts they realized they were living and acting for those to come after them; that some day the frontier they knew would be like the homes they left far to the East.

The "Mothers of Men" long have been praised, but our Pioneer mothers too often seem forgotten. They were not only the mothers of men, but the mothers of the great wide west land, which today vies with the eastland in comfort, education, culture, wealth, and all those things that are modern and desirable.

WONDERFUL men invariably have wonderful mothers. Such a mother was Lucy Mack Smith. Perhaps no greater tribute was ever paid to a mother than was paid to the mother of Joseph Smith by the Prophet himself, when he sought her out and to her first of all confided that he had had a glorious vision and that he had been called to a great and marvelous work. She listened —believed, and had faith in her boy. He became a great Prophet, the son of a wonderful mother.

Many Pioneer women left their lovely homes and friends, endured many hardships, gave their all—that we may enjoy this land—truly a glorious heritage. Even amidst toil and hardship, these women found time for many of the cultural things of life. Good books were prized, music loved and enjoyed, and the beauties of nature gave them inspiration.

I BELIEVE Eliza R. Snow did a great deal to instill within our Pioneer mothers a desire for the better, the soul satisfying things of life. During her entire life she sought to better the community, to instill within all with whom she associated a desire to seek knowledge and to glorify womanhood.

She was an active member of a literary society founded in 1854, the first of its kind on record in the United States. This society was to encourage education, and create a refined and intellectual atmosphere among the pioneer men and women whose fate had exiled them from such advantages.

All through the study of pioneer life we find them striving for the better things. They realized the soul must be fed as well as the body. They accepted fully Christ's statement, that, "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

ECONOMIC conditions are vastly different now. We have new interests in education and opportunities for development on every side. One of our present day problems concern the use of our leisure time, an unheard of thing in Pioneer days, and the proper use of this leisure

time will determine its value to us. If we are to perpetuate the ideals of our Pioneer mothers we will use this leisure time to enrich our lives, that we may help enrich the lives of those about us.

We are facing the task of developing a new philosophy that will change man's attitude toward himself through a new personal evaluation of life, toward his community and his country through a complete sense of individual responsibility.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his inaugural address sounded a challenge for a new philosophy when he said, "Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement. These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto, but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow men."

FROM the beginning, woman has personified the world's ideals. The finest conceptions of the human mind have always been expressed in feminine form. Today's crisis is not only political and financial. The very thing that has made human life sacred and beautiful is threatened. The disintegration of the family—the disregard of the marriage covenant. If these most holy institutions are threatened, is it not a hostile invasion of woman's own realm?

Far more important than natural resources or national wealth is the question of how family life is led. The home is an institution and like every other institution, its value must be determined by its output.

Dr. Fosdick says, "We may multiply our inventions and raise to a pinnacle the mechanized miracle of a civilization we have started here. We may make our industrial efficiency still more the marvel of the world and accumulate great wealth. We may even build great temples dedicated to public worship and great schools dedicated to public instruction, but what this country is going to amount to in the end depends on what happens to its homes."

Brigham Young said, "Mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of providence to guide the destinies of nations. It is through the teachings of their mothers that men are led to put their trust in God, and it is through the power of God that man fulfils his great mission on earth."

At last the present age has sent its cry to woman asking her to come out from her segregation to restore spiritual supremacy of all that is human in the world of humanity. She has been aroused to remember that womanliness is not chiefly decorative, but it is like vital health which not only imparts beauty's bloom to the body but joy to the mind and perfection to life.

Woman's leadership is indispensable in the present national recovery, just as it has been in all other crises in our national history. There is a challenge, in our present crisis, to every woman to fit herself that she may safeguard her home, the very foundation of this great country of ours.

Then let us face these problems of ours with the same courage as our grandmothers did. Today more than ever before we need to hold true to the ideals our Pioneer mothers established for us. We must forever keep the home the sacred institution it was intended if our children are to carry on. Let us realize that we too are living lives for our children and our children's children.

We are only plowing, sowing now, making ready for the reaper. Then let us build true, level, square, and deserve to be remembered. What kind of a heritage are we leaving for the coming generation?

# Mrs. Bennett's Baby

*By Ruth Diane Fisher*

ONLY one house separated the homes of Mrs. Dearbourne and Mrs. Young. For years they had been neighbors, for the last six they had not been congenial. The quarrel had happened so long ago that now the cause was forgotten. But the sting remained—a sting that rankled so irritatingly in their minds that the two women, formerly the best of friends, were not on speaking terms. Their passive enmity was now taken as a matter of course by other neighbors, who had ceased to worry about it.

When the nondescript family moved out of the intervening house, they vaguely wondered who would be the next to occupy it. Curious eyes peered from behind curtained windows as a young couple with a baby-carriage came to the place one day. In a short time a large moving-van followed and the new family was installed.

In a day or so, the windows that had looked so blank and desolate in the empty house became inviting. A child's voice rang from the pretty back-garden. The house was alive again! Neighbors watched the young mother as she wheeled the baby-carriage to the corner store and back. Every evening they found themselves looking to see the tiny toddler run to meet his father as he came home from work. When they called they found Mrs. Bennett very charming and they went into raptures about her dear little boy, Bobby.

Mrs. Dearbourne was working in her garden one morning, when she heard the child's gurgling laugh. She looked over the fence and was immediately captivated by the little boy who held out to her a nasturium flower. With not very good grace, she took it, and then gained the child's good will by giving him a cookie in return. Mrs. Bennett came to the door.

"Hello," she called, smiling in such a way that another smile was soon reflected on the other woman's face.

"Bobby, say 'thank you' to the kind lady."

Bobby stopped chewing a moment, then piped obediently—"Tank 'oo."

"How old is he, Mrs. ——?" she paused, embarrassed.

"Bennett is my name, and Bobby is just two. Won't you call me Alice, Mrs. Dearbourne? We are such close neighbors and I haven't many friends."

Thus a friendship started that grew until the older woman seemed a mother to Alice and a grandmother to Bobby. Visits and confidences were exchanged nearly every day. Alice had brought into sight again something that had lain cramped in Mrs. Dearbourne's heart ever since her daughter had died long ago. The neighbors were surprised to see her bouncing Bobby up and down on her knee to the child's crowing delight. Mrs. Young saw the transformation with amazement.

"What's come over the old grouch?" she wondered.

But she no longer wondered when she met Alice and Bobby in the corner store the next day. She, too, became a captive of both the young pirate's charms and the girl's friendliness. Alice's was the type of character that brought happiness to any environment, and the neighbors'

eyes opened wide as they saw Mrs. Young making frequent visits to the cheerful home. They chuckled among themselves and speculated as to the outcome of the inevitable meeting between the two "warriors." They rather hoped that, under the circumstances, peace would be restored.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dearbourne and Mrs. Young vied in obtaining little Bobby's favor. He received their kindnesses with a truly kingly beneficence, bestowing on each of his admirers the gifts of his smiles and kisses with liberal and equal grace. Alice knew of the relations existing between her two friends, but tactfully forebore to speak of them. She noted the rivalry for Bobby's affection and was glad the child showed no favoritism. On her part, she strove to do likewise and was so successful that neither woman could complain that the other had more of her attention.

IT was in the middle of September that Bobby became sick. The preceding summer had worn down his usual buoyant health so that when the germ of a dread disease entered his body, he had no strength to combat it.

Both Mrs. Dearbourne and Mrs. Young proffered the remedies that had cured their children of similar ailments. They were a little piqued when Mrs. Bennett refused to use them and adhered firmly to the orders of the competent physician in charge. However, they recognized the good sense that Alice displayed and respected her more because of her determination.

The crisis came quickly and suddenly. A special nurse had been provided who tactfully took the reins of management from Alice. Gratefully the girl accepted the carefully prepared foods and other articles that her friends brought her. The neighbors did what they could to alleviate the sorrow in that grief-stricken home. They were too busy with Bobby's illness to notice the change that came over Mrs. Dearbourne and Mrs. Young. But Alice could have told them how the two women had met on the door-step of the home, each carrying a present to the child they loved. Mrs. Dearbourne had opened the door for Mrs. Young to let her enter first. In the silence that always hovers about the sick, Mrs. Young had whispered to the other woman as though nothing had happened between them:

"He looks a bit better today, don't you think?"

And Mrs. Dearbourne had answered: "Yes, poor little mite—he will come through it all right."

The two went out together, still talking of their common interest.

LITTLE Bobby did get well and before long was running about in the garden, eating the ripened apples that fell from Mrs. Dearbourne's tree and playing with the brilliant Chinese lanterns that Mrs. Young gave him.

The two neighbors now smiled at each other as they watched him and commented on his quick recovery. Mrs. Bennett waved to them from an upstairs window as she went on about her house-work.

And one Sunday the whole neighborhood smiled as they saw the two old ladies walk home from church, arm in arm.

# Notes from the Field

*Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary*

WEST JORDAN RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD

*West Jordan Stake*

THE above picture represents one of our very excellent Stake Boards—West Jordan. The record of achievements of this fine Stake is one of the bright pages in Relief Society history. There will always be a note of sadness in contemplating the members of the Board as we recall the fact that Sister Delila Freeman passed away shortly after this picture was taken. Sister Freeman is the first member in the first row reading from left to right. She was the musical director of the West Jordan Stake, the Assistant Secretary and the *Magazine* representative. Being so versatile in her talents her loss is a very great one to the Stake, and the General Board condoles with Sister Pixton and the other members of the Board, as well as with Sister Freeman's family.

*Shelley Stake*

ONE of the very delightful entertainments of the Shelley Stake held before closing in the Spring of 1936 was when the Shelley Stake Board entertained the Ward Relief Society Officers and Class Leaders at a luncheon. This pleasant event was held in the Stake Tabernacle. During the entertainment reports of the recent conference held in Salt Lake City were given by the visiting members of the Stake Board. The scheme of gold and blue was carried out in the table decorations and in the favors. Very clever little programs in blue with yellow

flowers were souvenirs of the happy occasion. The guests were seated at three tables each of which was centered with a silver and blue basket of daffodils and blue candles in silver holders. The songs sang upon the occasion by the Relief Society choir were composed for the most part by Relief Society women themselves. It was a never-to-be-forgotten event attended by about eighty enthusiastic workers.

DANISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

*Danish Mission*

THE above picture represents the sisters of the Danish Mission Relief Society Board. These enterprising women are responsible for the conduct of the work throughout the Mission, and have been most enthusiastic in following as closely as possible the activities of the organization. They have prepared themselves some of the lessons which have been found desirable in their Mission, and are very happy in all branches of the work. The President writes: "There is no greater joy than that which comes from service—service to our fellowmen and to our Father in Heaven. We are all His children, and through service we can show our love for Him and for one another." The activities of the Relief Society have done much to do away with the prejudice against the Church and the sisters are received very kindly by most of the people whom they contact.

*Norwegian Mission*

THE sisters of the far away Mission, Norway, certainly appreciate the organization, and are trying to show their appreciation for the Relief Society by participating in all of its activity. Most of the Societies of Norway celebrated the seventeenth of March by presenting the playlet "The Gate Beautiful,"

which was translated into Norwegian, and the pictures show the result of their efforts. The Relief Society Mission President has been very active in visiting the organizations, even in remote points, and the sisters are extremely anxious to do all they can to cooperate with the great program which is world-wide in its scope.

RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, TRONDHEIM

*Sacramento Stake*

ON Sunday, November 4, 1934, the Sacramento Stake was organized, and the Relief Society came into existence. Sister Olive O. Lindblad was sustained as President, and a fully organized board assumed their duties in humility and with a prayer for strength and wisdom commensurate with the responsibility entailed. Sister Lindblad held the Presidency until it was necessary for her to move from the Stake, when Sister Edith D. Sellers was appoint-

ed to take her place. This new Stake has always enjoyed very capable leadership. The first Relief Society convention held was Anniversary Day, and was most successful, at which time each Ward participated in the program. The first Relief Society exhibit was held in May, and each Ward participated in this activity. People were amazed at the number of articles displayed. During the exhibition a delightful musical program was rendered. This was followed by a reception and luncheon, where more than two hundred and fifty guests participated. During the year each Ward held a Relief Society Conference, the program of which has been to effectively portray the work and varied program of the Relief Society in its human service. The monthly Union Meetings have been well attended, and serve as an excellent medium in bringing the Stake and Ward members into close contact thereby building up a strong Stake Relief Society spirit. During the Summer two Stake picnics have been held, and special attention has been given to those who live at some distance from the Ward centers. On September 29, 1935, the Stake Relief Society Conference was held. If a good beginning ensures a successful accomplishment certainly this Stake has much to hope for the future.

## ANDREW

*By Gertrude Perry Stanton*

No honored laurel wreath adorned his brow,
No history his famous deeds record;
One sentence tells the tale of Andrew, who,
Believing, brought his brother to the Lord.

Not his the gift to speak with fervid power,
While multitudes hung breathless on his word;
Not his to organize a brilliant plan,—
He only brought his brother to the Lord.

Perhaps among our neighbors we could find,
(Like Andrew, without fame or high reward),
A Peter, who could head his Master's work,
If we but brought our brothers to the Lord.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

*Motto—Charity Never Faileth*

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# Editorials

## Jeanette A. Hyde

FRIENDS of Jeanette A. Hyde were surprised to read of her passing on August 8th in Honolulu, whither she had gone some months before, thinking the lower altitude would be beneficial to her. Her death was unexpected, as she seemed to be improving and well enough to attend a session of the Stake Conference, but died during the meeting.

Mrs. Hyde was one of the most prominent women in Utah, having for many years been very active in Church and political circles. For 19 years she was an officer in the Y. W. M. I. A. of the 22nd Ward, Salt Lake City. On July 3, 1913, she was appointed to the General Board of Relief Society, and she, with others, founded the Relief Society Magazine and for years acted as its Business Manager. She also was numbered with those who established the Burial Clothes Department and the Relief Society Home for women and girls. She was always interested in human welfare and especially in the well being of women and girls. She had foresight in seeing what would be interesting to the young and was instrumental in establishing homes and camps for their recreation.

During the world war she was a member of the City and State Council of Defense, of the Liberty Loan Committee, and served as chairman of the Conservation Committee under Herbert Hoover. During the influenza epidemic she supervised the making of masks and personally assisted in the care of the influenza patients at the Judge Mercy Hospital. She had charge of the linen department there and worked untiringly until she herself became afflicted with the dread disease. She with others organized the Civic Center.

Mrs. Hyde was always active in politics. She was one of the first

women to act as a member of the Republican National Executive Committee, having personal charge of the executive work involving the interests of Republican women. She served as a member of the Red Cross Chapter in Salt Lake County and as a member of the Social Welfare Committee of the County. At one time she was on the Board of Regents of the University of Utah. In April 1925 she was appointed Collector of Customs in Honolulu, a position no woman had ever held before. It is said that she gave the Port one of the most efficient administrations it had ever had. Because of her duties in this capacity, she resigned from the General Board of Relief Society.

She is survived by her husband and five children, Romania Hyde Woolley, Golda Hyde Gordon, Honolulu; Jay Hyde, Phoenix, Arizona; Orson A. Hyde, Salt Lake City, and Dr. Frank W. Hyde, Chicago, Illinois.

Energetic, resourceful, deeply interested in people and events, Mrs. Hyde was always active until illness held her back. She had great ability in many fields. She was a most delightful conversationalist and her wit and stories have given great pleasure to those associated with her socially.

We shall miss her sunny presence and deeply sympathize with her family in their great loss.

## Lizzie Thomas Edward

IN the death of Lizzie Thomas Edward July 23, 1936, there passed away one of our loveliest singers. She gave a lifetime of service to the musical uplift of the people among whom she lived. From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico people were charmed by her marvelous voice.

Not only as a soloist of the Tabernacle Choir did she serve but as director of the choir of her own ward, in concerts and opera work, and for years she furnished the music for our Relief Society Conferences.

She leaves us ripe in experience and rich because of the generous use she made of her talent.

## Monument to Charles R. Savage

AS a part of the festivities connected with the celebration of July 24th in Salt Lake City there was dedicated on July 23d a monument honoring Charles R. Savage, founder of the Old Folks' movement. The monument is placed on the southeast corner of Temple Block and was financed by popular subscription, by generous contribution from the Covered Wagon Days, Inc., the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, and the Cambrian Society.

Charles R. Savage will ever be remembered by those who knew him as a genial, kindly man who not only was deeply interested in the well being of the old but also of youth. He was a patron of art and a great lover of flowers. His name will go down on history's pages, however, because he founded the movement to give the Old Folks some happy gatherings during each year. This is a unique service. Thousands annually gather to enjoy banquets, picture shows, etc., who look upon these occasions as red-letter days in their declining years.

The monument will bring this movement to the attention of thousands of tourists. We look for other communities and churches to inaugurate Old Folks' days.

## "Charles Coulson Rich"

"Pioneer Builder of the West"

CHARLES COULSON RICH by John Henry Evans is a valuable addition to Western literature. It depicts a strong, outstanding, remarkable character who in his time played many parts. Mr. Evans says, "Charles Coulson Rich could preach a sermon, drill an army, shoe an ox, govern a college, build factories in the wilderness and run them on a dividend-paying basis, lay plans and make laws for a great commonwealth. As missionary he carried his religion through much of Europe and brought hundreds of converts overseas to the American Southwest."

Not only in public life did Mr. Rich play his part well, but in his domestic relations he was outstandingly successful, for his biographer says he never had a quarrel, though he was the husband of six wives and the father of fifty children.

The book has great historic value, for in reading its pages one sees "the Mormon movement in intimate detail; the persecution and violence in Missouri and Illinois; the martyrdom of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum; the trek westward by covered wagon; the development of Utah and the Mormon settlements in California."

This is a source book of valuable material because of the author's painstaking research into heretofore unpublished material in personal documents and in the archives of Utah and in Church manuscripts. It is well written and intensely interesting.

It is a good thing lest we forget what it cost to subdue the wilderness and reclaim the desert, to read the life of Charles Coulson Rich again and again and other books dealing with pioneer life. If it is true that one cannot come in contact with a great character in any way without being raised thereby, all readers of this volume will receive not only information but uplift from perusal of its pages.

Price $3.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

## "Cash Relief"

CASH RELIEF" by Joanna C. Colcord, Director Charity Organization Department Russell Sage Foundation, gives some valuable facts regarding cash relief. She tells that public relief in the form of cash grants is all but universal in Europe. This is followed by a history of the first cash grants in the United States. The objections to this form of relief are clearly stated and the arguments refuted by the experience of those who have tried the plan. The desirable results are enumerated. The book is divided into four parts followed by appendices.

Part one gives the Genesis of Cash Relief; Part two, Detailed Experience With Cash Relief in Nine Cities; Part three, Summary of Experience With Cash Relief Experience in Nine Cities; Part 4, Comparative Costs of Relief in Cash and in Kind.

A book of this kind is very valuable to all who are grappling with the problem of relief, for it gives facts, not theories. Price $1.50

## We Wonder Why

WE wonder why—

When hot days come, fashions shift from the collarless dress to the high collar of several thicknesses,

Men choose very dark shirts for summer wear,

For July 24th celebrations men wear brilliant green, yellow, purple shirts such as no Pioneer ever visioned, with bright neckerchiefs as an adornment,

Compulsion should be used to force men to become uncomfortable by growing beards for July 24th celebrations,

Some have so many kinds of food on the table at once that people are tempted to overeat,

So many women tilt around on high-heeled shoes that are bad for health, for comfort and for grace.

We act worst around home.

We hurt those we love the best.

Girls slavishly imitate others in make-up and dress rather than studying what would bring out their individual attractiveness.

Girls paint their finger nails red and make them look so startling. Cecil B. DeMille has said that when he sees a girl with her finger nails painted bright red, it reminds him of some one who has just killed a chicken.

So many people when they get behind the steering wheel of an automobile lose their sense of courtesy and their law-abiding proclivities.

## LARGESS

*By Della Adams Leitner*

Proudly I look at them, the shining jars
Of golden peaches, apricots and plums,
The luscious berries and the purple prunes,
The rich abundance that with summer comes.

My shelves are filled with vegetables and fruits,
My family's harvest for the winter's need,
With some to share with those in cruel want,
My blessing goes to all that this may feed.

I think not of the hours or of the task
It took to fill the jars. I only see
Providing Love made manifest and I
Acknowledge God's great bounty thankfully.

# Lesson Department

(For First Week in November)

## THEOLOGY AND TESTIMONY

Lesson 2

### Christianity Before the Christ

Helpful References

In the Book of Mormon: I Nephi 10:1, 4-14, 22; 13:19-29; 17:15; II Nephi 25:26; Jacob 4:4-6; Mosiah 5:6-8; Alma 31:31-38; Ether 3:4-20.

In the Doctrine and Covenants: 27:11; 29:34-43; 107:1-4, 39-57; 84:6-28.

In the Pearl of Great Price: Moses 5:5-15, 58, 59; 6:57-68; 7; 8:12-30; Abraham 1:1-3, 31; 2:15.

Smith: The Way to Perfection, Chapter 9.

1. In the previous lesson of this series we learned that Christ's ministry was foretold by the prophets. One might surmise, without any knowledge of scripture, the need of knowing the reasons for His advent. It would be useless to predict the coming of a Savior if the plan of salvation was withheld from men. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints teaches the somewhat unique, but nevertheless true, doctrine that Christianity—the Gospel, if you please—was taught from the earliest times, thousands of years before the Redeemer came in the flesh. Hence, the title of this lesson; Christianity Before The Christ. Many persons not of our faith may exclaim, "If the Gospel, as understood by you, was in the world before the advent of Christ, why does not the Bible indicate it? We hasten to say that it does in part. Unfortunately, for reasons to be considered, the Bible does not portray as clearly as we should desire, the point in question. In a prophecy of Nephi the following remark is made "Because that ye have a Bible ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written." (II Nephi 29:10.) That statement is one key to the difficulty. Other revelations of the Lord, as implied above, are necessary to make up for the lack of clearness in the Bible record. An angel of the Lord on one occasion gave Nephi some information respecting a book to come in the latter days into the hands of the Gentiles. The book spoken of is our Bible. Nephi was informed that following the ministry of the Savior many parts of the Bible, originally plain and easy to understand, were taken therefrom, "For behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away." (I Nephi 13:26.) The implication is, of course, both the Old and New Testaments were similarly treated. The result, to use the words of the angel, was to "pervert the right ways of the Lord . . . blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men." (Read carefully I Nephi 13:19-29.)

2. Having indicated the reasons why our Bible has seemingly misled the world in a vital matter, we proceed to point out some contributions

of modern revelation to the theme under consideration. When Adam, the Patriarch of the human race, was informed by an angel of God that the principle of sacrifice was "a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father," he received a fundamental Gospel principle. The divine messenger then proceeded to unfold other fundamental principles. "Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son forevermore." (Moses 5:8.) The sacred record adds the remarkable information that "the Holy Ghost fell upon Adam, which beareth record of the Father and Son, saying: 'I am the Only Begotten of the Father from the beginning, henceforth and forever, that as thou hast fallen thou mayest be redeemed, and all mankind, even as many as will.' " (Moses 5:9.) The doctrine of the resurrection was known to Adam, for he declared "again in the flesh I shall see God." (Moses 5:10.) Adam and Eve, in a real sense, were the first missionaries. Many of their children departed from the ways of God and had to be called to repentance. (Moses 5:12-15; 6:57.) Father Adam, and doubtless many of his children, received the ordinance of baptism for remission of their sins. (Moses 6:64-68.) Another early missionary was Enoch. Undoubtedly there was a church organization of some kind in his day. Because of the righteousness of the people over whom Enoch presided, they were translated. (Moses 7.) Noah, too, preached the Gospel to the inhabitants of the earth prior to the Deluge. (Moses 8:17-30.)

3. The Book of Abraham makes clear the fact that Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, was acquainted with the powers of the Priesthood and that he had a more or less successful Gospel ministry. "I became a rightful heir, a High Priest, holding the right belonging to the fathers." (Abraham 1:2.) When Abraham was commanded of the Lord to leave Haran and go to the land of Canaan, he did so, taking with him some of his relatives, his property, "and the souls that we had won in Haran." (Abraham 2:15.) The quotation makes it certain that the souls of men were dear to his heart. What might be termed the "Church" records, fell into his hands. "But the records of the fathers, even the patriarchs, concerning the right of Priesthood, the Lord, my God, preserved in mine own hands; therefore a knowledge of the beginning of the creation, and also of the planets, and of the stars, as they were made known unto the fathers, have I kept even unto this day." (Abraham 1:31.)

4. The Book of Mormon points out a Christian ministry before Christ came in the flesh. Jacob, writing for the benefit of those who should come after him, declared: "For, for this intent have we written these things that they may know that we knew of Christ, and we had a hope of his glory many hundred years before His coming; and not only we ourselves had a hope of His glory, but also all the holy prophets which were before us. Behold, they believed in Christ and worshiped the Father in His name, and also we worship the Father in His name. And for this intent we keep the laws of Moses, it pointing our souls to him; and for this cause it is sanctified unto us for righteousness, even as it was accounted unto Abraham in the wilderness to be obedient unto the commands of God in offering up his son Isaac, which is a similitude of God and His Only Begotten Son. Where-

fore, we search the prophets and we have many revelations, and the spirit of prophecy; and having all these witnesses we obtain a hope, and our faith becometh unshaken, insomuch that we truly can command in the name of Jesus and the very trees obey us, or the mountains, or the waves of the sea." (Jacob 4:4-6.) This scripture is so explicit as to make it scarcely necessary to add other testimony. We present, however, one more passage purely for its interest. Moroni, a Nephite general who lived about 73 B. C., prayed for "liberty to rest upon his brethren, so long as there should a band of Christians remain to possess the land—for thus were all the true believers of Christ, who belonged to the Church of God, called by those who did not belong to the Church. And those who did belong to the Church were faithful; yea, all those who were true believers in Christ took upon them, gladly, the name of Christ, or Christians as they were called, because of their belief in Christ who should come." (Alma 46:13-15.)

We may sum up our lesson in the words of the Pearl of Great Price: "And thus the Gospel began to be preached, from the beginning." (Moses 5:58.)

*Questions*

1. In what ways has the text of the Bible become corrupted in the course of its transmission through the centuries? What has been the effect of this corruption?

2. Can you point to some texts in either the Old or the New Testament that imply a knowledge of the Gospel before the coming of Christ?

3. In what ways would the Church organization before the days of Christ differ from that set up during His earthly ministry?

*Problems for Further Study*

(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Read the statement made in Alma 46:13-15 (B. C. 73) relative to the Christians, and determine if it is in any way inconsistent with that made in Acts 11:26.

2. Name some great teachers among so-called heathen peoples, prior to the earthly ministry of the Savior. Discuss them in the light of the statement made in Alma 29:8.

3. Trace as far as possible the descent of the priesthood from the time of Adam until the present.

4. Did Moses teach the Israelites the Gospel, or the law of carnal commandments, immediately after leading them from Egypt? (Consult Acts 7:37-39; Hebrews 3:4-11 and Doctrine and Covenants 84:6-27.)

5. From whom did Abraham obtain his priesthood? What country do you suppose he was in when it was conferred upon him?

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# TEACHERS' TOPIC

## TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1936

### The Sower

READ the parable. Matthew 13:1-9.

In this as in other parables Jesus drew His figures from nature and the everyday life of the people.

There were in Palestine as elsewhere different kinds of land under cultivation. In some sections there were well cultivated and marked out fields of fertile soil, but the

narrow ridges and slopes of the hills were also cultivated. Some parts of the fields were strewn with stones and boulders while others had only a thin layer of earth covering the rocks. Thorns and thistles abounded everywhere and found sufficient soil in the clefts and crevices of the rocks in which to grow.

A small, hard trodden path ran straight across the field which was designated in the parable of the Sower as the wayside. Thorny places were where the ground had not been cleaned. They contained roots and stones. Stony places were where the soil was shallow over stones and rocks.

At the conclusion of the parable the Lord added, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

Christ gives the following explanation of the parable. (Matthew 13:18-23):

"Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower.

"When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the wayside.

"But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it:

"Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for awhile; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word by and by he is offended.

"He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

"But he that receiveth seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty."

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# LITERATURE

(For Second Week in November)

Lesson II

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

YES, Alice Freeman was president of Wellesley, and there was work and responsibility ahead. But with a girlish heart she answered her parents' letter, who had been informed of her appointment through a letter from one of her friends.

"I have been writing letters every moment today. None of them personal, you may be sure. Tomorrow I am invited to lunch with one of the Trustees, and all are as kind and cordial as possible. The girls and teachers too are so loyal and thoughtful that I am full of hope, even though I can never see my way a single day ahead. There is a great deal in it that is pleasant, but I have been obliged to get a good many things, warm things for winter and a few nice things suitable for the acting president. You see, I have to wear good clothes all the time now to compensate for my undignified appearance. How much I would give for a few gray hairs! I am glad you are glad at the promotion, and that Saginaw people are pleased.

Warm letters come from many friends."

Now her work began in earnest. One of the first things she did was to organize courses on a college basis so that a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Science degree could be given. She built up the faculty, and as there were no schools that could be regarded as feeders for Wellesley she determined to do something about it. There had been a preparatory department attached to Wellesley; this she set free to do its own work. In various ways she was instrumental in bringing into being schools that would feed her institution, and in getting into sympathetic relations with others that could help. Yet another difficulty stared her in the face. Wellesley was away from any town. There was no way of housing the young women except through dormitories, so that unless new dormitories could be built the college enrollment could not increase. Each year many students were being turned away. Finally she opened a campaign and raised funds with which to build a new dormitory. A story is at hand showing the president in action while one of the dormitories was being built: "The contractors were late, the workmen dawdled. Finally she went to the director of the work and quietly said, 'We move into this building on such a day.' He answered, 'Impossible! It will not be finished.' 'We shall be sorry to inconvenience your workmen but we move on that day.' The director stormed, made remarks about ignorant women, unsexing themselves by trying to boss men, 'but wonders were accomplished,' said she, 'and on the day in question, we moved in with comparatively little left to be done.' "

Her tact, humor, and abundant sympathy was constanly evidenced as she dealt with students, faculty, and the public. She was a disciplinarian, but her power came much from the love and confidence she inspired through personal contacts and the addresses delivered in assembly. The following story is revealing: "A gentleman tells me," says Mr. Palmer, "that when he attended a small New England college he found some of the regulations galling. On remonstrating he was told, 'You had better go to Wellesley, where, whenever the little president raises her hand, the whole college hurries to obey.' Yet her authority did not rest on their will, on knowledge, rather, on sanity, poise, and a large way of handling business.

"Incidental greatness characterized
Her unconsidered ways."

One thing is clear that in all her work she was a great inspirer. She filled her students with confidence in themselves and with the joy of life and all its promises. One woman had this to say of her: "Mrs. Palmer had a strange effect on me. When I saw her, I felt as if I could do things that I never dreamed of before. Even now, whenever I think of her, I have a sense of dignity in my life. I don't know what it is. It seems as if her appreciation of the worth of things puts a spirit into me that carries me along until the next time I think of her. I should not care to go on in a world in which she had not been." This personal influence was undoubtedly the secret of much of her power.

And yet, this power came in part from her belief in her mission. She was saturated with the belief that the time had come when women should add to their domestic skill and grace something of the intellectual life. She said they were de-

manding it. With the might of her precious soul she sought to have them acquire it in a manner which would enlarge their personality and help them in their family life.

"She took her duties lightly and once exclaimed to the president of another college, 'Isn't it fun to be a president!' When I applied to her faithful secretary for information about the perplexities of these opening years, I received the following reply: 'The thought of Miss Freeman's feeling any perplexity in her position at Wellesley seems strange to me, who knew so well the inner life of the office. Underneath her cheerfulness, her keen sense of humor, her thoughtfulness for others, her joy in all that makes life lovely, there ran a current of confidence and unhesitating trust in her Heavenly Father. She consequently never appeared perplexed. The presidency of Wellesley was not a difficult position for her. In each emergency she saw by intuition the right course to pursue.' "But that she," adds Mr. Palmer, "almost the first of woman presidents and with little in the past for a guide, should have possessed this instinctive discernment and youthful and ardent though she was, should have known that it is the plodding path which leads to glory, must, I suppose, indicate in her something like genius."

Her work now was practically done. She had wrought a good many changes in the college. The whole course was made stiffer. There was a general rise in standards. "My informants tell me," says Mr. Palmer, "that the most marked change produced by Miss Freeman's coming was this new atmosphere of exactitude, work, and insistence on what a college should mean, succeeding a sort of boarding-house looseness. The girls no longer played at going to college,—they really went."

Everywhere in educational circles her work was recognized and was a subject of commendation and often wonder. She had done for Wellesley what James Burrell Angell had done for Michigan, John R. Park for the University of Utah, and Karl G. Maeser, for Brigham Young University. Further, she had helped lay the foundation for a world that would produce such notable speakers as appeared over a world-wide net work on September 6, 1935, in recognition of the anniversary of Jane Addams' birthday, pleading for peace and the abolition of war. The following women made addresses on that occasion: Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Pearl Buck, Caroline O'Day, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Mrs. Hannah C. Hull, Judge Florence E. Allen, A. Maude Royden, Gertrude Baer, Lady Aberdeen, Madeleine Rolland, Mrs. Israel Zangwill, and Mrs. Littlejohn. Alice Hamilton would not be serving on the Harvard faculty nor would Mary Woolley ever have been a college president, had the opportunity of college training been denied them.

One of her successors, President Caroline Hazard, has told us something of the young president in the following lines:

"We loved her for the loving thoughts which sped
Straight from her heart, until they found their goal
In some perplexed or troubled human soul,
And broke anew the ever living bread.
We loved the mind courageous, which no dread
Of failure ever daunted, whose control
Of gentleness all opposition stole;
We loved herself and all the joy she shed.

O Leader of the Leaders! Like a light
Thy life was set, to counsel, to befriend."

She had been president of Wellesley for six years. Now another matter claimed her attention. In 1886 Professor George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University, had given a course of lectures at Wellesley. That summer Mrs. Governor Claflin and she visited Boxford, Mr. Palmer's country home. Says he, "from that time our intimacy ripened rapidly until on her thirty-second birthday, February 21, 1887, I brought her an engagement ring. With characteristtic audacity, she insisted on wearing it at once. When at our next meeting I asked if her girls had not remarked on it, she said they had on that very evening; but that when she had told them it was her birthday and this was one of her birthday gifts, she started a discussion over their respective ages and the subject of the ring disappeared. It did not disappear from her finger, however, necessary though concealment was."

Immediately after commencement Miss Freeman told the Trustees of her engagement. "It was my hope," said Mr. Palmer, "that she would be set free from Wellesley at once and the wedding take place during the summer, but the Trustees could not be brought to an immediate decision. To lose Miss Freeman was in their view to imperil Wellesley, and uaturally enough they wished for time to look about and urged her to remain one year more during which a successor might be sought. . . . Unhappily, at a time when this call of the college was especially strong, I gave way and agreed to let her remain in service until Christmas." Another plan of the Trustees in their dilemma was to have Mr. Palmer go to Wellesley. This he did not think feasible, although he jokingly remarked that her salary was $4,000 while his was only $3,500. There was much stir in and about Wellesley. Many maintained that no man had a right to take from public life a woman so fitted for a position as Miss Freeman had proved herself. A letter written by Mr. Palmer to Mrs. Claflin, a mutual friend, is illuminating on this matter:

"Dear Mrs. Claflin:

"I hear from Miss Freeman that she has told you of our engagement. I am very glad she has. You would naturally be one of the first whom we would wish to tell. You have known us as few others among the Trustees have, and in the excited discussions that are to come there will be plenty of need of clear knowledge, in order to make people turn away from their hot momentary feeling and consider the real facts in the case. This great service of keeping people just and clear-headed you can now do for Miss Freeman. She will need such protection. She is greatly strained already. You know how sensitive she is to the disapproval of those she loves, even when she sees that their disapproval springs from nothing better than half knowledge. To hint that she is abandoning duty for selfish gains is to cut her with a knife. We all perceive that she is incapable of doing such a thing, but her pain is just as great as if she were.

"On the other hand, that people will abuse me I anticipate, and I think it very proper that they should. Being of tolerably tough material, I can stand abuse very comfortably. In the place of a Wellesley Trustee, I dare say I should denounce this thievish Harvard professor pretty

roundly. And yet I hold that at the present moment I am one of the great benefactors of Wellesley, one of the few who clearly see the direction in which its prosperity lies.

"Great causes and great institutions are generally best founded or guided through crises, by a single leader. They are embodiments of him. His is their inspiration and his their wisdom. The service of them is personal allegiance. To him everything is referred, and his will takes for the time the place of all more minute law and organization. Wellesley has fortunately had this experience, first under Mr. Durant and then under the general of his choice. But the danger which besets such an institution is obvious: it does not acquire a life of its own. Everything is staked on the single leader; and even when that leader is perfect, there is something lacking in the spontaneous vigor of the institution."

Miss Freeman continued her work until the Christmas vacation. She was married December 23, 1887, in the home of her beloved friends, Governor and Mrs. Claflin, in Boston. Mr. Palmer observes that they were married at half past eleven in the morning. Up to that hour of the previous night she worked in her office at the college.

*Questions*

1. To what characteristics do you attribute Alice Freeman's success with young women?
2. To what qualities do you attribute her success as a college president? She might have been successful as a Dean of Women without being a good college president, but she was both. To what qualities do you attribute this success?
3. State specifically the ways in which she improved Wellesley.
4. What evidence is there that she was deeply religious, and that she depended on her Heavenly Father for help?
5. Discuss the problem of her marriage: In view of the fact that she was performing such a notable service as president of Wellesley, should she have married or should she have remained with the college? What do you think about it?

Note: For additional material consult chapters seven and eight of the "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" by George Herbert Palmer.

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# SOCIAL SERVICE

(For Fourth Week in November)

Lesson II

## Meeting Poverty

Text: Civic Sociology by Edward A. Ross; Chapters XI and XIII.

AMONG the problems of social welfare, poverty is of major importance. Both an understanding of the various causes which lead to its existence and some scientific knowledge of its relief are necessary for an intelligent approach to the subject. Effective alleviation necessitates an understanding of its causes and cures.

One of society's greatest outlays of energy is the attempt to relieve poverty. But relief without an effort to help those who live in it to gain

a position among the socially efficient is futile. Always, there have been many people who have failed to earn the barest necessities of life. As society has advanced in its economic organization the problem of living has become increasingly complex, and the economically unfit have multiplied accordingly. The economic structure now requires greater capacity to meet its problems than ever before, but society has not provided the social machinery to give its relatively less capable members a chance to take their places in its set-up. With the exclusion of ever-increasing numbers from the ranks of economic production an abnormally large percentage of people have been thrown upon society for their care and upkeep. But this condition is only one of the causes of poverty. There are many: each leads to a different type; each has a definite place in the social relationships involved as the result of it, and all types must be considered for an understanding of the subject. This lesson is developed with a consideration of the following points:

1. The acquiring of a more sympathetic understanding of the underlying causes of povetry.

2. Cultivation of the approval of a standard of living which will lessen the prevalence of poverty.

3. An approach to the methods of alleviating the distress of poverty.

An ideal society would be characterized by the absence of poverty and other forms of social maladjustment. Everyone would be able to make the most of his particular abilities and position in life. If social institutions were ideally organized and governed, group welfare would consider all individuals; and if all people possessed the ability to meet the demands of the changing social order such a state could exist. However, present affairs are far from any such Utopianism. Misery, crime, lack of adjustment, and poverty are overwhelmingly present. Special study is required to appreciate each of these conditions, and poverty presents an intricate problem. Its causes may be thought of under two general headings: First, that which originates among individuals; and second, that for which society is the causative factor. The problem of meeting both devolves upon organized society.

To the first group belong those people who live in a state of poverty for biological reasons. They are the mentally unfit who, nevertheless, are expected to fulfil their obligations in society; those who are chronically unfit physically, and those who are naturally capable but who have been rendered unfit by severe illness themselves or who have had to meet more sickness in their families than they could possibly afford. Some authorities claim that sickness is the greatest single cause of poverty and that it accounts for 75% of the cases brought to the attention of agencies. Besides these, there is the great class of the unskilled and of those who are untrained for any vocation or profession. There are those who have failed to take their places because they are too lazy or too unstable to meet the requirements of their work. And there are those who seem to have a natural propensity for bringing unnecessary disaster upon themselves, such as fires and other losses from sheer carelessness. Then, there are those who are the object of endless grief because they do not know how to handle money. Improper budgeting of the family income is extremely common. In spite of good intentions many people fail to proportion intelligently their expenditures for food, clothing,

shelter, education, pleasure, and additional items. Thus, incomes which should be sufficient are wasted or are used to disadvantage with the deplorable result that children are often deprived of proper preparation for life. Much needless suffering ensues, and no matter how much such people are helped, poor spending thwarts all efforts towards desirable adjustment unless a thorough reeducation takes place. Unwholesome appetites lead many to destitution. Liquor, tobacco, excessive and unwise use of leisure are all millstones of poverty. Improper diet which breaks down health is another cause. And when vanity leads to unwise spending, illicit dealings may follow.

To the second group belong the vast numbers of poverty-stricken people who find themselves victimized by the economic and social structure; those who are left penniless by the misdemeanors and crimes of those who mishandle trust funds and companies, and those who are thrown out of work by the constant changes in industry and the mechanization of labor. Some people find it impossible to adjust to the changes in society, and many are excluded from work by the natural rise and fall of the economic curve.

In addition to all these there are countless numbers who have been reduced to want through natural causes or unavoidable misfortunes, such as floods, drouth, earthquakes, fires, and other uncontrollable disasters.

Among the first group are those whom we are inclined to call "God's poor," or the worthy poor—those who have been deprived of their economic independence through no fault of their own— and also the noxious poor. The latter have been made the target for many a sarcastic jibe and story; and truly, they present one of society's most difficult problems. We cannot feel the sympathy for such people that we do for the mentally or the physically unfit. They are the ones who take advantage of relief at the expense of their self-respect, and those who would take bread from the mouths of others rather than go to work, themselves. However, not all the people who find themselves in need of relief can be classified according to these definite lines and judgments. The matter is far too complicated for any such hard and fast division.

During times of special economic stress such as the world has experienced in recent years, many have been plunged into financial distress and forced to accept temporary relief. Adjustments to the situation should be accomplished in a short time.

Poor preparation for life is an enormous cause for poverty; its cure can come about only through better education in the home and the school. Although one of the greatest aims of the educational system is to prepare children for life, thousands are still leaving high schools and colleges unequipped to achieve any degree of independence. Lack of direction is one of the greatest reasons for this condition. The schools are attempting to overcome it with their plans for individual guidance, but direction in the home is also necessary. Preparation to take advantage of the opportunities offered in the schools begins long before children reach school age. Where poor home conditions lead to juvenile delinquency efficient guidance in the school is almost impossible. Although most secondary schools are handicapped by facilities which are too limited to insure enough preparation for students to take positions in their chosen

vocation immediately after graduation, the opportunities offered do provide a good start towards nearly any kind of training desired. A study of the relief rolls of the past four years reveals the lack of thorough training in a chosen line. Inadequate and misdirected education will never cease to be a stumbling block in the way of becoming a good producer and provider.

The lesson on health pointed out the direct relationship between an unsound body and poverty. While much sickness is preventable, much could be eliminated through preventive medicine.

With proper training in childhood and youth, much of the poverty that arises for individual reasons might be gradually eliminated, although those cases which are the result of biological reasons are very difficult to solve. Improvement in environmental and social conditions requires effort which is beyond individual control—the community, state, and nation are here involved. Despite all the personal ambition in the world, opportunities for accomplishment are sometimes denied. Inadequate housing, unwholesome environment, faulty government, and abnormal economic cycles are some of the conditions which thwart individual effort and ambition. However, the control of such conditions is to be sought. The solution of such problems forms a large part of the burden of social education, and it depends upon the desire of the people.

In considering the second purpose of this lesson, it must be recognized that inasmuch as earning capacities differ, incomes and standards of living must of necessity vary. But, inconsistency between income and standard almost always results in ultimate poverty. The worship of wealth is not the goal of intelligent or composed living. The higher ideals of religion, spirituality, creative ability, modesty, and intellectuality all suffer because of such false worship. If people could cultivate contentment with what they could afford and relinquish the desire for the material things of life which are beyond their means, there would be less poverty. Certain commodities, such as an automobile to a physician, are necessities, while in other cases they are luxuries. If a luxury is justified by the income, well and good; if not, it should be eliminated from the expense account. At least peace of mind and more money for bread and butter will follow, even though the comfort and convenience of the luxury is given up. Effective production in goods and services is the goal which should be sought; and that standard of living which gives the largest margin of production over consumption is the efficient standard for both the individual and the nation. For one person it may mean an expensive level in monetary value, and to another it may indicate very small expenditures. Family expenses should contribute to the most efficient standard; and efficiency in maintaining one's work and service to mankind is the criterion. An extravagant outlay is a very real setback to many households. Goods and services of enduring value should not be sacrificed for transient values through lack of planning, haphazard buying, or giving in to momentary enticements, even though one might happen to have the money for such in hand.

Relief of poverty is one of the most difficult problems with which society is confronted. It requires scientific study and administration.

Each step towards the elimination of poverty requires widespread education in regard to its causes and a higher level of human judgment and accomplishment than now exists. But much can be done towards the relief and the prevention of poverty through consistent effort. The odd thing about relief is that much poverty is the direct result of unwise though well intentioned efforts to relieve its suffering. All efforts to help those in need should be preceded by a thoughtful consideration of the phases which follow in the wake of the relief. There are three points to keep in mind in all relief work: how to relieve, how to rehabilitate the dependent, and how to prevent poverty. Relief, when given, should be carefully supervised, and it should accomplish the purposes for which it is granted. Promiscuous giving is no longer considered a virtue.

The spirit of the Latter-day Saints Church is devoted to the ideal of mutual help in enabling all to meet their problems, rather than the dispensing of charity for charity's sake. Two quotations from the Doctrine and Covenants illustrate this belief: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." (D. and C. 42:42) "Let every man be diligent in all things. And the idler shall not have place in the Church except he repents and mends his ways." (D. and C. 75:29)

There are those who would escape from social problems by resorting to new and untried, or radical forms of government, such as the communists advocate. Such an approach should be offset by the following statement issued by the First Presidency: "Communism is not a political party nor a political plan under the constitution; it is a system of government that is the opposite of our constitutional government, and it would be necessary to destroy our constitution before communism could be set up in the United States. Since communism, established, would destroy our American constitutional government, to support communism is treasonable."

The problem of poverty requires the earnest attention of all who are interested in human welfare if the ideal of helping those who are capable of self-respect to achieve it is to be realized. Its relief should not be undertaken by those who do not understand the problem. Sympathy for the poverty-stricken should be saved for those who deserve it according to the best understanding of this unfortunate state.

### *Activities*

1. Evaluate the causes of financial difficulty in your own environment and determine how far an improper standard of living has contributed to the situation. This activity may be pursued as a community problem or as an individual one.

2. Make a model budget which would lead to your own financial security.

3. Through an interview with your bishop and the nearest governmental relief agent, determine the approximate number of people on relief in your vicinity. What proportion of the cases are due to personal causes, and what proportion are due to the present economic conditions?

# CHILD GUIDANCE

## Lesson 2

### Can Mothers Learn More About Training Their Children?

A COMMON misconception held by parents is that they do not have to learn how to bring up their children, just as they must learn good manners, the use of the mother tongue, or the preparation of a good meal. They often imagine that Nature "takes care" of the rearing of children just as it does of begetting them. In the reproductive cycle of insects and some other very simple forms of life, each step in rearing the young seems to be definitely fixed by "instinct". There is very little evidence that these simple forms of life learn much about the business of being mothers. The case of the human family presents a strikingly different picture. The modern mother's education begins long before the child is born: she learns much about proper diets, calories and vitamins. After the child is born, she may learn many details of how the baby should be bathed, fed, and clothed. In fact she learns to love this squirming mass of life, her own child. The more she cares for it, the more she loves it. Before long, the baby becomes more than just *a* baby: it becomes a person for whom the mother begins to plan for satisfying feelings and attitudes. But much of this fondness is acquired through the intimate contact between the mother and the baby.

Mothers do not have inborn ideas about the details of training their children. They probably for the most part learn their methods so far as they are at all definite, from their parents, grandparents, and nursemaids. Inasmuch as ideas about training childern are of human invention, we should not expect them to be more sound than human judgment.

Now that modern psychology has shown that adults of middle age are almost as capable of learning new subject matter as their high school children are, parents need have no fear that they cannot learn the necessary facts to become artists at rearing their families. Parents are slow to improve their methods because they lack the desire to learn. Mature people have been known to increase their rate of reading a hundred per cent by simply persistenly trying to read faster. The quality of handwriting can likewise be improved, if there is a need for it. In most of our learned activities, we are apt to learn only enough to "get by". Parents in training their children usually do likewise.

Many mothers are excellent practical psychologists in the sense that they understand the nature of children so intimately that they form the personality of the child as beautifully as the sculptor models his subject. However, by the help of science (which is simply more refined common sense), most mothers could improve their skill in child care and thereby avoid many defects in their children's personalities which might linger as handicaps throughout adulthood. We are taught through modern revelation to seek "diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith," and in another connection to "study

and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people." (D. & C. 88:118; 90:15.) The Lord probably reveals to us only those things that we cannot learn through the ordinary means of study and investigation.

The managers of famous race horses, hunting dogs, and prize fighters know that heredity without proper training rarely makes a champion. The arts of training sporting animals are highly developed. But in too many cases the much more important task of training children is extremely thoughtless. Burbank, the great experimenter who has produced so many new varieties of plants, once said, "If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we would now be living in a jungle of weeds." Little do we realize the permanence of some of the scars left in the personality of the child because of our poor methods. In fact, we might go so far as to say that most of the behavior difficulties of children are the outcome of lack of understanding by the parents.

If parents would realize how many failures in adult life have their roots in poor management during childhood, how many marriages are unhappy because the partners were not taught as children to live cooperatively with others, or how many adults enter mental hospitals partly because their parents did not understand them when they were children —then the parents would more nearly realize the importance of making enlightened child management the noblest and most painstaking business in life.

The proper management of children is an art which is so complex that precise rules cannot always be stated. Each child must be regarded as unique and as requiring individual treatment. In the fourteen lessons to follow, no pretense will be made at answering all questions about the psychological care of children. Much will be accomplished, however, if certain general attitudes, principles, and practices are taught concerning some of the most frequently occurring problems.

In the first place, we should learn something about heredity and training and how they interact in the development of the child. Methods of training are frequently seriously warped by wrong ideas as to how these two classes of influences affect the personality of the child. We should know, also, something of the problem of how fears grow in children, what their effect is on the personality when they persist, and how they can be overcome. Likewise, anger constitutes an important problem for parents. What conditions make for anger outbursts? Why do children throw temper tantrums? How can they be overcome?

One of the most common practical problems parents have is how to administer rewards and punishments. What are the dangers of whipping? How shall we know how to give praise? Emphasis will be placed on the importance of good relationships between the parent and child which is necessary for good discipline. What are some of the causes of persistent bad feeling between parents and their children? What happens to the personality of the child when he breaks faith with his mother?

One of the most difficult adjustments children are required to make is that involving sex. In no field of child training has there been more bungling than in sex instruction.

Under this topic, we shall try to learn how children's questions may be answered, and what can be done to direct sex interest into wholesome activity.

Attention will be given also to the reasons children tell lies, with particular emphasis on how parents unknowingly make their children lie. With a better understanding of what is back of children's lies, parents should be in a better position to set up the conditions that promote truthfulness for its own sake. Something will be said also about the orderly stages of social development, how children can be prevented from developing mistaken ideas of themselves, what can be done for the child who feels inferior, how the child who feels superior should be treated.

Because in adolescence we reap the results of mistakes in childhood training, space will be devoted to describing some of the special conflicts of this period of life. When does a person become psychologically mature or truly grown up? What can parents do to make psychological weaning as pleasant as possible for themselves and for the adolescent? How do projected ambitions of parents make weaning difficult? What difficulties result from failure to grow up?

An effort will be made to give some kind of answer to these and some further questions of more general scope.

Better habits in children are possible only through improving the habits of the parents. Child guidance begins with correcting the faults of the parents. This is manifestly a most difficult task. However, progress is possible if parents can be given the "will to learn" through being made to sense their responsibility as the real moulders of character.

*Problems For Discussion*

1. What do you consider is the true place of special training in child care? Show how scientific knowledge of child nature is not an adequate substitute for a mother's loving interest in the welfare of the child.

2. State your opinion on the relative importance of some professional knowledge about training children compared with what is known about training animals.

3. In the light of modern revelation, what do you consider is the obligation of Latter-day Saint mothers to study subject matter other than the scriptures? How does this relate to her mission of parenthood? (Doc. and Cov. 88:118.)

4. Compare the amount of learning involved in being a successful human mother with the learning required for the mother robin to successfully rear her young. State a few facts about caring for your children you feel certain you have learned. Mention any elements in your work as mother you think came to you without learning.

WE should cultivate a spirit of appreciation and gratitude for others and what they have done for us and mean in our life.

Happiness does not consist of what we have but what we are,—Not in our possessions, but in our attitude toward them.—*Laura Lim.*

# Points of View

*By Eva Wangsgard*

EVERYBODY is alright from his own point of view," was a statement my father often used in explaining some action we could not understand. It is, of course, as true as most generalities and explains much that is difficult to comprehend. If people in a misunderstanding would endeavor to get the opponent's point of view, the difficulty would be very easily cleared up. That is another principle which the children have effectively proved for me. It began this way:

For many years we left the townhouse each June and moved into a little old log cabin in the valley for the summer months. This cabin was more than sixty years old, made of logs squared by the broad ax. There was, attached at the rear, a lean-to of rough hewn timber. Water and other weathering agents had stained the grains in varying tints of brown, making pictures more or less distinct as the frost pictures used to be on the old farmhouse windows where I was reared.

It was the children's habit, when they were ill or just resting from more active play, to lie on the screen porch bed and point out these pictures and comment on them. One day an intense dispute arose between two of them regarding a large dark brown stain. The girl insisted that it resembled a beautiful lady as you have heard people insist that they see a lady in the moon to one who cannot. The boy could see only a big ogre from a fairy tale. When the argument had progressed far enough to become annoying to the middle child he said, "Which one are you discussing?"

They pointed it out to him, each explaining the merits of his, or her, point of view. "Oh," laughed Eldo, "that is my monkey. See here are his arms clinging to the limb. Here's his tail. Here's his funny face."

They could all see the monkey and were very much amused by him. I thought, "How much like experiences in real life that is!" Those are, perhaps, the three commonest points of view. Let us say worry is the ogre among grown-up points of view, beauty, or seeing the blessing in disguise, is the beautiful lady, and a sense of humor is the monkey. How many near tragedies could be averted if the victim just could see the funny side, the monkey in the tree, as it were.

After that, when an argument ensued among our flock, I often said, "Look more closely. Isn't there a monkey hidden somewhere?" There usually is, you know. It is usually easier to see the funny side of any disagreeable occurrence than to see the blessing in disguise. Either of them will slay the ogre, worry, easily. When we differ with some friend, next time, let us try to see his point of view and, perhaps, then we will agree with him; or failing that, perhaps, we can both see the monkey in the tree somewhere."

# THE FAITHFUL CLOCK

*By Ella J. Coulam*

I have a faithful household friend,
Who serves me loyally—
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When I am late, he rouses me
And urges me to hurry;
But for him, my reluctant feet
Would cause me grief and worry.

When I return again at night
And hasten to unlock,
The first to greet me at the door
Is the tick of my faithful clock.


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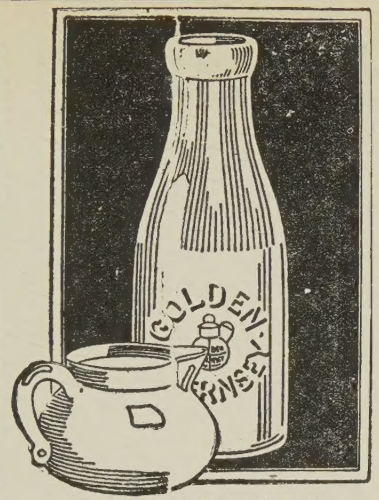


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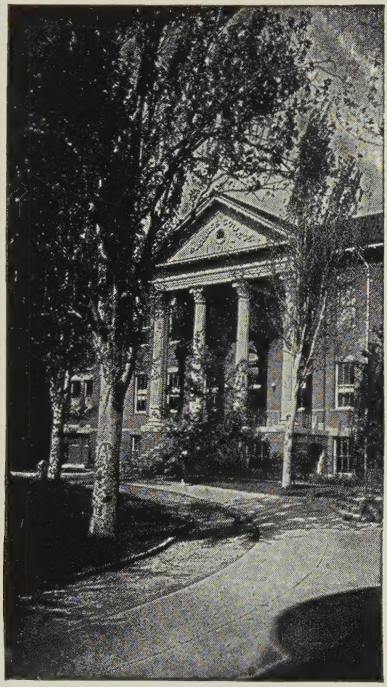

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